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WE print, on another page, the remarks made by Senator Borah on the present political situation.

ASSERTING that the people are discouraged and baffled because they cannot get public questions squarely and fairly presented—and intimating that the political world pussyfoots for venal reasons—he says: "A voter is entitled to an opportunity to record his vote in accordance with his convictions; and it is impossible for him to do that unless the issues are fairly presented to him. A candidate who has no views on public questions is unfit; a candidate who has views and is afraid to state them is unfair."

TO us, these words are like a fresh breeze from the sea, blowing away the mists behind which our political leaders have been hiding these past few years. It seems to have been almost completely forgotten, of late, that, since our Government is a government by political party, political parties are supposed to hold actual political beliefs. Such political beliefs are usually supposed to be based on a political philosophy. And such a philosophy has in the past been considered a sine qua non in any leader worthy of the name.

Senator Borah's challenge definitely poses the question.

HAVE our present-day leaders any definite philosophy which they apply to prohibition? to domestic politics? to foreign affairs? to the regulation of business? to the oil scandals and the Ohio gang's transactions?

In short, what do our responsible leaders really think on the vital questions of the day? Have they definite beliefs? Or are they afraid to say?

Certainly men who attempt to secure nominations and votes without expressing genuine honest beliefs on vital questions are as dishonest as get-rich-quick concerns which attempt to secure money on false pretenses. One does not conceive of a Roosevelt or a Wilson or a Cleveland seeking election in this manner.

NOR do we conceive it possible that any one can thus be elected to the Presidency. A campaign of silence is not one calculated to inspire confidence or secure votes.

We think Senator Borah deserves a vote of thanks.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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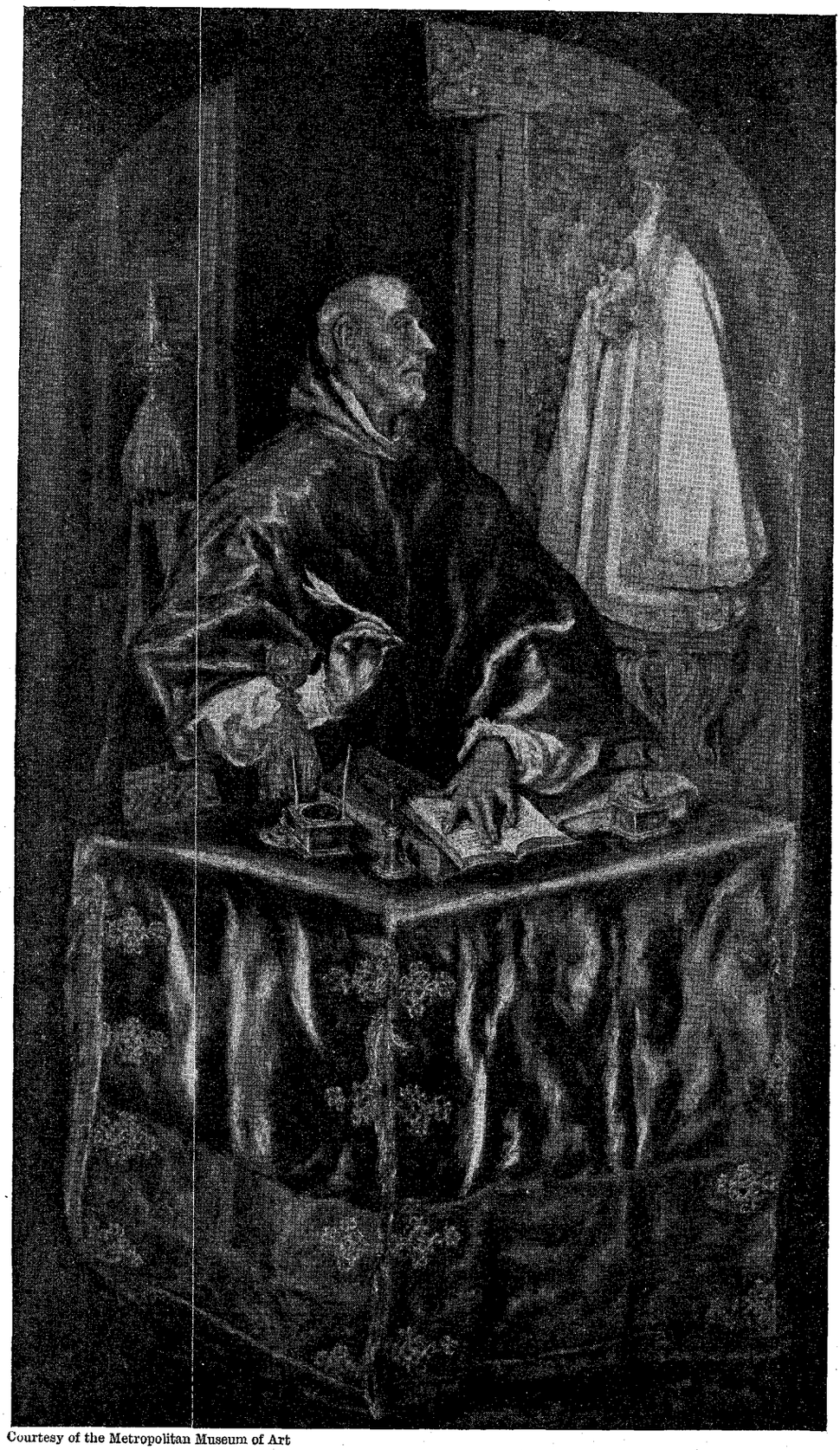

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

ST. ILDEFONSO OF TOLEDO

By El Greco

The most important exhibition in New York at present is the Spanish Loan Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. The period covered is approximately 1600 to 1800, the only one during which Spanish painting has attained great importance. It begins with El Greco, includes Velasquez, and ends with Goya. This painting by El Greco is typical of his subjective and romantic art

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The Outlook

March 21, 1928

Events of the Week

o Parties and Candidates

ENATOR BORAH continues manfully to y to release the soft pedal in the cam- ıign organ. He has followed up his ıestionnaire to Republican Presidential ;pirants with some harsh and biting ords about pussyfooting parties and ırty leaders.

"A candidate who has no views upon ıblic questions is unfit," he said in an ldress to the Idaho State Society in 'ashington.

"A candidate who has views and is raid to express them is unsafe.

"A political party which is unwilling declare upon questions of general and ıblic interest is no longer an instru- ent of public good performing a great rvice, but a scheming piece of organ- ɔd chicanery for the utilization of mill- ns of honest voters to the gathering in patronage and the despoiling of the ıblic patronage.

"In late Presidential elections as high fifty-one per cent of the voters in me States have remained away from e polls. What is the remedy? The st and primary remedy is for candi- tes and political parties to speak can- dly and plainly to the people upon bjects in which the people are inter- ıed.

"The most demoralizing and corrupt- ɜ instrumentality in American politics that of great political parties delib- ıtely maneuvering and side-stepping th reference to questions of great pub- interest. The people are not indiffer- t to these public questions. They are ffled and discouraged because they nnot get them squarely and fairly pre- ıted. Compare the platforms and mpaigns and the presentation of issues ars ago with the recent years, and you ll have no trouble in determining why the people lose interest and stay away from the polls."

Mr. Borah seemed to be talking to and about political bedfellows through- out his pointed speech. Referring to the latest oil fund disclosures, he said he presumed "every Republican has of late suffered a deep sense of humiliation. The awful conditions which have been revealed to the voters of the party are as indefensible as they are intolera- ble.

"The modern system of avoiding is- sues which would interest the people and then depending upon organization and money to work up an artificial interest, together with manipulated and managed conventions, have borne fruit. For this condition of affairs the voters of the party are in no sense responsible. The system of running the campaign, per- mitting men who have business with the Government at Washington to buy their way to favor by vast contributions, the organization method of running conven- tions and campaigns, is responsible. It is time to try another system.

"Give the people issues, and you will not need to sell your soul for campaign funds. Give the voters policies squarely presented, and you will not have to mortgage the future action of the party to concession hunters."

Senator Borah remains the only prom- inent Republican who "candidly and plainly" expresses his feelings about the disclosures of the oil inquiry. In a let- ter to Chairman Butler, of the Republi- can National Committee, he suggests that every cent of "oil money" be re- turned to the donors, and he believes that there are plenty of Republicans who will be willing to contribute from one dollar up to clear the party of "this humiliating stigma."

Is There Unemployment?

DESPATCHES from Washington indicate that the Administration is in no way alarmed by reports of growing unem- ployment. Several Republican Senators arose to refute a speech made by Robert F. Wagner, junior member from New York and a Democrat, setting forth that the situation is really serious. The De- partment of Labor is, however, to make an investigation.

Meanwhile New York City is begin- ning to find that the jobless are flocking to it. Being the largest city, it is con- ceived to have the most jobs. A story published in the New York "World" last week indicates that there are really more men out of work. The Romeike Press Clipping Bureau had inserted in the "World" an advertisement calling for a boy to make himself generally useful.

On the last occasion, some six months ago, such an advertisement had brought only a dozen applicants. This time, to the amazement of the clipping company, 500 boys and men clamored for the job. They blocked the corridors and surged around until the police had to be called to restore order. The mob had started to assemble before eight o'clock in the morning.

The case may have been exceptional. Some economists say there is always an abundance of office workers. They are the first to suffer when the curve of em- ployment drops. But New York is wit- nessing bread-lines again, for the first time in years.

"The Great Smokies"

NATIONAL approval and pledge of main- tenance, State donations of land, and private beneficence have united to make possible one of the most picturesque and inviting of our National Parks. Its full

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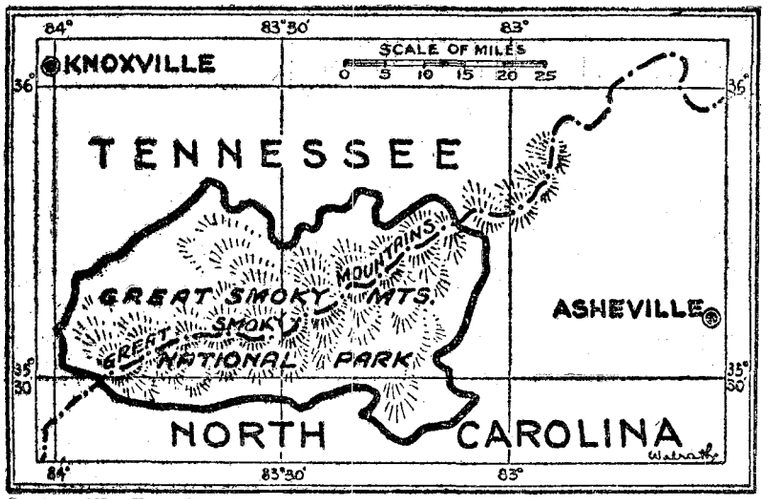

Courtesy of New York "Times"

A new playground for the Nation

title is to be the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, but "the Great Smokies" will be its popular name.

The new playground is about equally divided between Tennessee and North Carolina territory and covers about 700 square miles. It has been described in The Outlook by one who knew it well as made up of rough and ragged mountains, deep forested valleys, with cascading streams wandering their downward course through the greatest growth and variety of virgin plant life to be found in America. It is well within reach of automobilists, and that it will be enjoyed by thousands of campers and out-of-door lovers is certain.

The Nation has never, we believe, had to buy its National Parks. Those in the West were taken from public domains. As with the Shenandoah Park, the area of the "Great Smokies" is to be paid for partly by State appropriations and partly by public subscription. About $10,000,000 in all was needed. Nearly half of this was in sight when it was announced that $5,000,000 had been appropriated by the trustees of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial for the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Probably the wild deer and bears in their mountain fastness did not hear the blowing of Knoxville's factory whistles that heralded the news, but in time they will see roads and tents and motor cars and trampers, yet will live in peace with those who are enjoying the big woods and the marvelous mountain views.

Hearst Sells His Tabloids

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, by selling at one stroke two of his tabloid papers and putting the third on the market, lays himself open to suspicion of aspirations toward journalistic respectability. The suspicion is deepened by the fact that it is contrary to Mr. Hearst's policy to dispose of his newspaper properties. But an examination of the facts fails to bear it out. The sale of the tabloids is not symptomatic of an editorial overturn. The reason is not ethical, but economic. Richard is still himself. He has looked with a cool eye upon a business proposition, and he has behaved like a business man.

No special paternal predilection for the tabloid interfered with this consummation. The fact is that Mr. Hearst adopted the tabloid method rather against his will, and if there were three of the dwarfs in his family of twenty-six papers he is not wholly responsible. The first of the breed was sired by his bitter journalistic enemies, the owners of the Chicago "Tribune." It was they who founded in New York the "Daily News," premier of the tribe in more senses than one. In a sort of self-defense, Mr. Hearst set up in June, 1924, the "Daily Mirror," to compete with the "News." The "Mirror" has now achieved a circulation close to half a million, fifth in size in the United States. This is one of the papers he has sold. Despite its huge circulation, it is not a profitable property. It has never served its purpose of cutting into the circulation or the advertising lineage of its rival. On the other hand, its existence has proved injurious to the "American," Mr. Hearst's other morning property in New York and the darling of his heart.

As for the "Advertiser" in Boston and the "American" in Baltimore, these also have been disappointments to their owner. The "Advertiser" was turned over in 1921 from an eight-column paper into a tabloid, and it is this that has been sold with the "Mirror" to Alexander P. Moore, former Ambassador to Spain. Mr. Moore did not want a Ba timore paper; and the third tabloid w put on the market, presumably, make a clean sweep of that format.

Mr. Moore, once editor and publish of the Pittsburgh "Leader," is reputed have political uses for his acquisitions i the coming campaign. He professes, any rate, to have great faith in the fu ture of the picture paper, and hints extending his holdings. As between hi and Mr. Hearst, the issue is clear eve to an outsider. He wanted something which Mr. Hearst was a little weary, an he had the money to pay for it.

A Heritage of America

IT is obviously altogether desirable th the original Wright airplane, which 1903 made the first flight in history ca rying a man, should be preserved America rather than in the Science Mu seum of South Kensington, in Londo where it now rests and will rest forev unless Mr. Orville Wright exercises h option to bring the historical machi back during his own lifetime.

Controversy as to just what Profess Langley accomplished in aviation every one knows that his experimen and tests were of very great value should not balk the desire (one m almost say right) of America to the po session of this priceless token of man conquest of the air.

The present Secretary of the Smit sonian, recently appointed, Dr. C. Abbot, is not responsible for the lab which described the Langley machine "the first man-carrying airplane in t history of the world capable of sustain free flight." That label referred to t Langley flight of 1914 (eleven yea after the Wrights' flight) and seemed mean that the Langley plane might ha done what it did not in fact do befo 1914.

What actually took place in 1914 h been in dispute. The Wrights decla that the Langley plane was largely r built from its original form, and that i flight was intended to influence pate rights. Secretary Walcott, Dr. Abbot predecessor at the Smithsonian, flat denied the second of these statements a signed article which appeared in T Outlook of May 13, 1925, but admitte that many necessary repairs were ma in 1914 and that in some of the tests new engine was installed. In its origin form the plane had crashed in 1898; b Dr. Walcott declared that the earli flights of those made in 1914 were ma with the machine "as nearly as possib in its original form and with its origin

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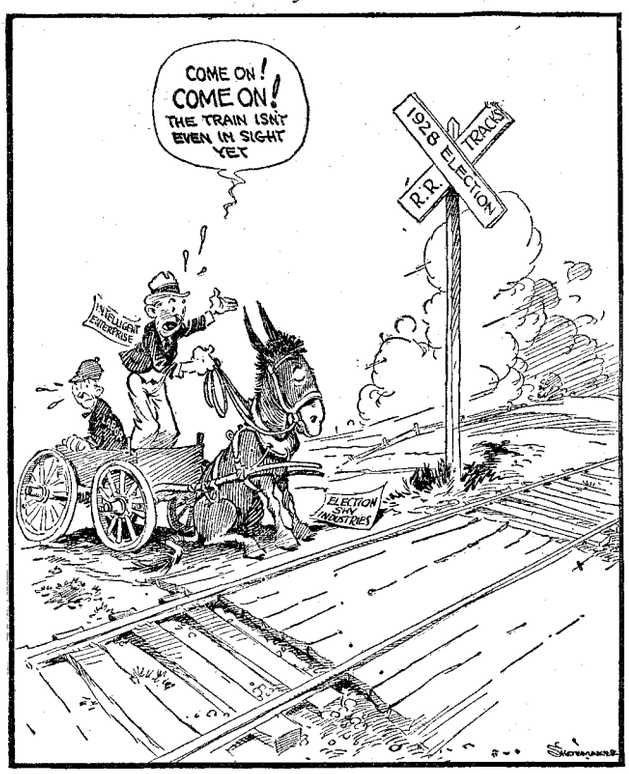
Cartoons of the Week

Knott in the Dallas News

"Let me smell your breath!"

From J. E. Watson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cartoon by Shoemaker



The over-cautious mule

From E. Hooker, Phœnix, Ariz.

Kirby in the New York World

Sad accident to a hip-flask

From Jacob Dress, Providence, R. I.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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Full speed ahead! It's time to get rid of him

From Harold Quinion, Gary, Ind.

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engine." Any inference of priority of claim rests upon the words "capable of." That the first actual man-carrying flight was made by the Wrights in 1903 is undisputed.

Under these circumstances, it certainly should be possible for the Smithsonian to find a form of labeling and acknowledgment that would make the facts clear. If not, as Dr. Walcott suggested in his Outlook article, there are other great American museums any one of which would be glad and proud to honor and guard the Wright plane.

"Play-a-Fine Crink-a-Nope"

A MACHINE which, when addressed in English, talks hog Latin which can be translated into English only by other machines that understand hog Latin has been invented by engineers of the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York. When the machine says, "Play-a-fine Crink-a-nope," for example, the other machine knows it means "Telephone Company" and actually says so. Here is some more "scientific boy play."

Of what use? No statement has been issued, but the editors recall that the same or the parent organization controls transatlantic telephony, and that telephony by wireless has been objected to because of its non-secrecy. Turning ordinary speech upside down, inside out, or hind side before confers the desired secrecy, while the corresponding unscrambling machine at the receiving end confers intelligibility on the "Play-a-fine Crink-a-nope" language.

How all this gibberish is made and unmade is not wholly a secret, but the explanation involves rather esoteric electrical engineering, and the reader will not here be burdened with the intricate details of it.

One wonders what those mythical beings on Mars which are called in whenever a writer wishes to assume an extra-terrestrial point of view will think has happened on earth if their radio sets are sensitive enough to permit them to pick up some of the new "Crink-a-nope" talk which is likely soon to be passing back and forth across the Atlantic? Either that poor old Neighbor Earth has gone mad or else that she evolves new tongues with startling suddenness. But that last is just what has been done.

What Are the Non-Essentials?

IN one of the larger cities of the Southwest Miss Maude Royden, of London, was asked her opinion about the average church and its chances for greater usefulness. The churches, she replied, are spending too much time on differences over non-essentials and too little time on matters having to do vitally with mankind today. Said she:

"The Church seems too busy warning boys not to play baseball on Sunday, while all about it is a social order with new problems, new questions, awaiting solution."

The questions? Oh, politics, labor, wages and working conditions, scientific progress, government, international peace, and good will. This is an observation of increasing frequency.

Scarcely was Miss Royden out of town before a local minister was saying that she was out of place in the pulpit because of a little matter affecting herself, which she and others were inclined to regard simply as a question of taste and personal preference. But to the minister, as well as other church people, it was a religious issue. And what of the churches militant against Sunday sports and a common interpretation of the Fourth Commandment?

Who can list the non-essentials, also the essentials, in religion and point the way to agreement in either case? Isn't the best hope a possible spirit of greater tolerance, a growth of mutual respect despite differences, and broader sympathy?

Making Germany Safe for Democracy

TWENTY-SIX reasons that Germany will remain a republic were advanced by Emil Ludwig, biographer of Napoleon, Bismarck, and other architects of states monarchical and otherwise, at a dinner given in his honor by the Departments of History and Political Science at Princeton University. He said:

"The German Republic is here to stay for a number of reasons; there are some twenty ex-royal families now in Germany, and six ex-kings none of whom could bear to see another than himself become Emperor."

Not to mention the ex-Kaiser and the undisputedly ex-Crown Prince.

A Veteran Comedian

To make people laugh was for over half a century William H. Crane's life-work, and who shall say that to incite enjoyment by wholesome, sound acting of humorous characters in popular plays is not a worth-while achievement.

The list of Crane's plays is a long one. Much of his success was gained in partnership with Stuart Robson, and many of the older theatre-goers remember with joy the team-work of the two jovial comedians in Bronson Howard's "The Henrietta," in Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" (the two Dromios seemed almost made for them), and in "Our Boarding-House." After the Robson and Crane association was ended Crane made a hit by himself in "The Senator," an American comedy of political life. He is remembered also for his acting in a notable all-star performance of "The Rivals" and in "She Stoops to Conquer."

Crane's fun-making was partly trick-work, but behind it was an overflowing, natural rendering of the laughable side of things.

When he died on March 7, he had seen threescore years pass since as a boy he had played and sung a minor rôle in an English opera. One of his last activities was to help in making a film play out of "The Henrietta." His life spans a large sector of American stage history.

A Transcontinental Race

As this is being written the most peculiar sporting event to be found in this country's history is under way. This is the race from Los Angeles to New York. Of the mob of runners and walkers who started more than half dropped out before they had even left the dust of California at their backs.

According to the stories of this event, there are to be $48,500 in prizes. The gentleman behind all this has been C. C. Pyle, the man whose raids on college football and lawn tennis resulted in the turning professional of Red Grange in the former, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, Mary K. Browne, Vincent Richards, and Howard Kinsey in the latter. It is not exactly clear where all the money is coming from for the prizes, but Pyle has the idea of collecting from the various towns *en route*, apparently using the old means of bleeding the Chambers of Commerce with promises of Nation-wide publicity, etc.

The field that started was as conglomerate a mass of human beings as ever entered any event of the sort in this country or, perhaps, the world. There were men of various nationalities and all colors. There were several Indians, those supposedly hardy distance runners, in at the start; but at the end of the first two hundred miles a white man and a Negro were setting the pace.

Except for one or two of the men of Finland who had been well known in this country, none of the outstanding track stars started in the race. Of these Finns, the only one to stir much recollection in the minds of sport followers was Hannes Kolehmainen, a man who,

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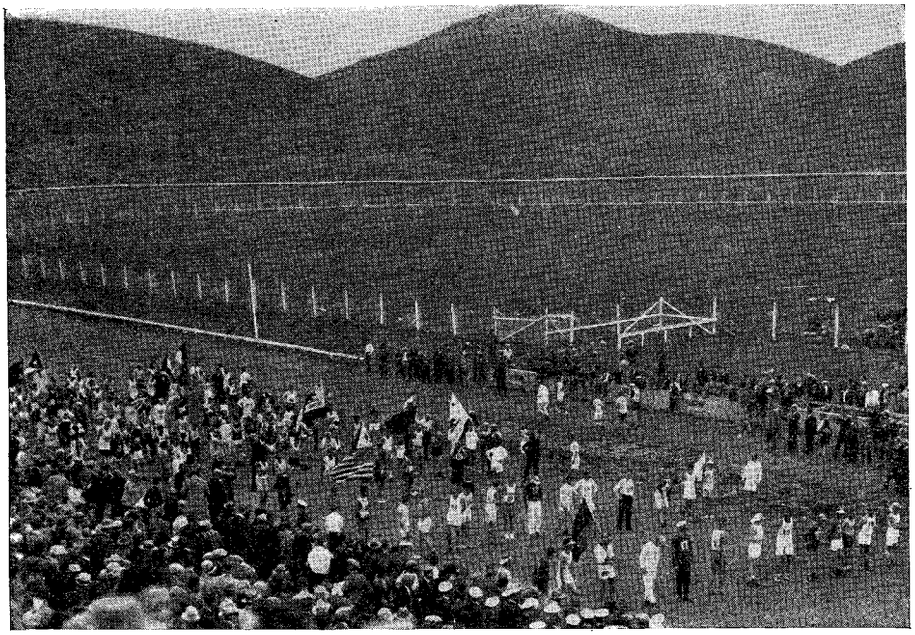

Acme

A TRANSCONTINENTAL MARATHON

The start of the 250 runners in the foot race from Los Angeles to New York. It is expected that they will take sixty-five days to complete their trip

five years or so ago, was winning Marathon races all over the place. Hannes dropped out during the first days.

Left in the running are from thirty to fifty—no one has kept track of them all—of all ages and types, forming a painful caravan headed by two big autobuses in which the promoters and officials and newspaper men ride. In the first six days the leaders of this strange parade had covered 207.5 miles.

Is Lacoste Out of It?

RENÉ LACOSTE—so a despatch from France reports—is to be forced to abandon lawn tennis because of neuritis.

Lacoste is the man who climbed to the top of his chosen sport over the prostrate forms of William T. Tilden and William M. Johnston, carrying France, his country, with him. It was due to the efforts of this saturnine, apparently unemotional Parisian that France found itself, at the close of the past season, sitting very much on top of the lawn tennis world with the Davis Cup on display in the window of a Paris department-store.

It may be that the young man who toppled over our idols of the courts will be able to return to action in time to help his country in defense of the most highly prized of the game's trophies when the Davis Cup challenge round comes. But the word of his illness—from which he has suffered before—is enough to cause grave concern to those interested in French tennis and regret to lovers of tennis everywhere.

Despite the fact that in action he refrains from any verbal or facial expression of excitement, Lacoste is far from being phlegmatic; he simply restrains himself. His career in tennis has taken a great deal out of him, for he has been the mechanical product of the strictest sort of training and practice.

If Lacoste is really out of action, France will have a severe task in retaining its hold on the trophy. He is by far the most dependable of the French players. There are good ones to take his place, but none who can be so sturdily depended upon to provide on the important day the best that is in him.

Where Men Are Men

MASCULINISTS are on the march in Tibet. There women's right have been achieved. Every woman has at least three husbands, whom she keeps or casts aside at will. A discarded husband is an outcast from society. And all except the favorite husband must work for the wife.

One of these working Tibetan husbands—Amouki by name—has seen what feminism leads to, risen above the ideology of his environment, and organized a union for men's rights. He and some five hundred desperate followers have even tramped to the holy city of Lhassa with a banner inscribed "Striking husbands of Tibet" and with placards reading: "Down with the tyranny of women," "Men must have financial independence," "Abolish polyandry." The outcome is not yet known; at latest reports, the rebellious husbands had not returned home.

Will the husbands of America send them a fraternal greeting of encouragement? The husbands of America are not even organized!

The Subway Quarrel

THE hostile situation between the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York City and the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees continued unabated but without the open clash of a strike up to March 12. The Amalgamated leaders at a conference two days before that date told Mayor Walker that the I. R. T. was trying to force a strike, and that it was openly expelling men because of their affiliation with the Amalgamated or driving them out by making them perform "menial tasks" for the hundreds of strike-breakers who have been mobilized by the I. R. T.

A telegram from William R. Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, to the Mayor charged the I. R. T. with "brutal and inhuman conduct" in discharging men "merely because they exercised their Constitutional right to join a trade union," and called upon the Mayor "to compel these moral criminals, the officers of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, to obey the laws of decency, humanity, and morality."

The kernel of the quarrel is this: The I. R. T. claims the right to "hire and fire" men as it chooses; the Amalgamated claims that the employees have a right to join any union they choose.

No one seems to have any definite knowledge as to how many of the I. R. T.'s employees have joined or want to join the Amalgamated or how far the admittedly large membership of the Brotherhood ("company union," the Amalgamated leaders call it) is actually loyal to the corporation. Proposals by the Mayor and others to let the employees show their preference by a referendum under secret ballot have met no reply from the company. The Amalgamated maintains that most of the employees at heart despise the Brotherhood and that the courts have declared void, as not embodying the mutual compensation that legal contracts should have, the agreement, under which the workers are not allowed to join any union but the Brotherhood.

Mayor Walker, in response to the promise of the Amalgamated not to start a strike, promised to do his best to bring about a satisfactory end to the threatening conditions of this industrial battle.

The immediate danger of a strike and of the ensuing injury to the rights and

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comfort of the innocent third party—the millions of people who use the subway—has apparently lessened. But it will always be latent until the principles involved are clearly and justly defined.

Rodman Wanamaker

RODMAN WANAMAKER, head of the stores in Philadelphia and New York of which his father, John Wanamaker, was founder, was more than an able and successful merchant. He was a man of great public spirit and of many interests. Aside from business enterprises in which he participated, he contributed his energy and his means to enterprises of public concern. He was greatly interested in the American Indians, provided education for Indian boys, and supported scientific studies of Indian life and antiquity. He was in the front rank of those who have supported aviation. For a while he was Deputy Police Commissioner in New York in charge of the police reserves. He was a collector of works of art, many of which he donated to Princeton University. His death on March 9 called forth many tributes to him as a generous philanthropist and a highly useful citizen.

The Knapp Case Again

THE case of Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp, former Secretary of State of New York, partially explains why the science of politics is so much of a mystery to the average citizen, and possibly why political scandal is so often met with public apathy.

Mrs. Knapp, it will be recalled, a Republican, had charge of tabulating the 1925 Census in the State of New York. After the work had been completed and she had gone out of office, charges were made against her of various irregularities. Governor Smith, a Democrat, referred the charges to Attorney-General Albert Ottinger, a Republican. Mr. Ottinger then conferred with the Governor, and a young Republican, Randall J. Le Boeuf, Jr., of Albany, was designated as special commissioner of investigation. Prolonged hearings followed; and then Mr. Le Boeuf made his report to Governor Smith. He found presumptive evidence of wrong-doing and recommended prosecution of Mrs. Knapp and several other officials. The case was then turned over to the Democratic District Attorney of Albany County, Charles J. Herrick.

The press and the public expected that Mr. Herrick would submit the case to the Grand Jury, and expressed great surprise when, on March 6, he reported that, though Mrs. Knapp might have been "indiscreet" and "reckless," he could see no legal evidence of wrong-doing. He discounted the findings of Mr. Le Boeuf, and even said that the former Secretary of State had directed the Census with commendable efficiency. Governor Smith himself had discounted some of Mr. Le Boeuf's findings and understood that the Attorney-General concurred in Mr. Herrick's conclusions. A storm of protest arose throughout the State. The Governor then referred the case to Mr. Ottinger, with instructions to present the charges to the Grand Jury and to prosecute any indictment that might result. Mr. Ottinger said the Governor was mistaken in understanding that he had concurred with the District Attorney, and that he was for "immediate and thorough prosecution."

It is to the interest alike of the State and of the accused that charges in a case like this should have complete legal airing. Anything which seems like an attempt to cover up such charges leaves the accused under suspicion and leads to public cynicism.

Austria's Word War with Italy

MUSSOLINI has roared mildly back at Chancellor Seipel, of Austria, in their controversy about the treatment of Austrians in the territory Italy won from Austria by the peace treaties, and apparently the debate is a draw. Each orator has satisfied his own side.

The argument began with a recent speech by Chancellor Seipel, in which he charged that Italy was oppressing Austrians in the former South Tyrol, committing outrages against them, destroying their racial culture, and failing to do anything for the development of the region. He hinted at an appeal to the League of Nations.

Mussolini called home his envoy from Vienna for a conference, and there was talk of a diplomatic break between the two countries.

Then the Fascist dictator made his anxiously awaited reply. He denied Dr. Seipel's charges of oppression, emphasized the fact that German-language papers continue to exist in the region formerly Austrian, but declared that they would be suppressed if the anti-Italian campaign continued, and described the public works of housing and railway electrification undertaken in the territory by Italy. He asserted that its administration is a purely internal question in which Italy cannot permit interference.

"The League of Nations!" he cried. "What a hope!"

"Upon the Brenner Pass," he concluded, "all Italy, with its living and its dead, is upright and on its guard." The assembled Deputies cheered and sang the Fascist hymn.

Mussolini's one threat was that he would not speak again on this theme, but would let acts talk. From a statesman of his gifts that might mean anything. But for the present, at least, Italy evidently will join no issue with Austria—and Europe can breathe more freely.

Gold and Guards

ARMORED cars multiply in the financial districts of American cities, and the payroll messenger is handcuffed to his precious leather bag; and so it was perfectly natural that when the steamer Vauban docked at Hoboken six detectives should board her. Captain E. R. Williams wanted to know why they were there.

"You have $100,000 in gold specie aboard, haven't you?" the spokesman of the sleuths inquired. "Well, we've come to guard it."

The skipper of the Vauban looked puzzled. "Guard it? Well, I'm—well, what a difference! You know, when we took the gold on at Trinidad, an old darky—must have been all of sixty-five—trundled it down to the dock in a wheelbarrow, all alone. He had to make half a dozen trips to get it all down, and went a couple of blocks through town on each trip. And all the boxes were plainly marked 'Gold.' But it was all in a day's work for him."

The gold remained aboard ship overnight; so did the six detectives. The next day more guards came to take it to its American destination.

New Life to an Old Controversy

WHO were the Incas and the Aztecs, the civilized Mayas and the Toltecs? Those who take up the study of these remarkable pre-Columbian civilizations usually find it hard to believe that these peoples were nothing but Indians; their culture was far advanced. Indians they were, however, according to the consensus among anthropologists. A minority of these scientists demur; they insist that the high cultures of the Americas were importations from the Old World at about the time of Christ.

And now Dr. A. Hyatt Verrill, of the Museum of the American Indian-Heye Foundation of New York, has returned

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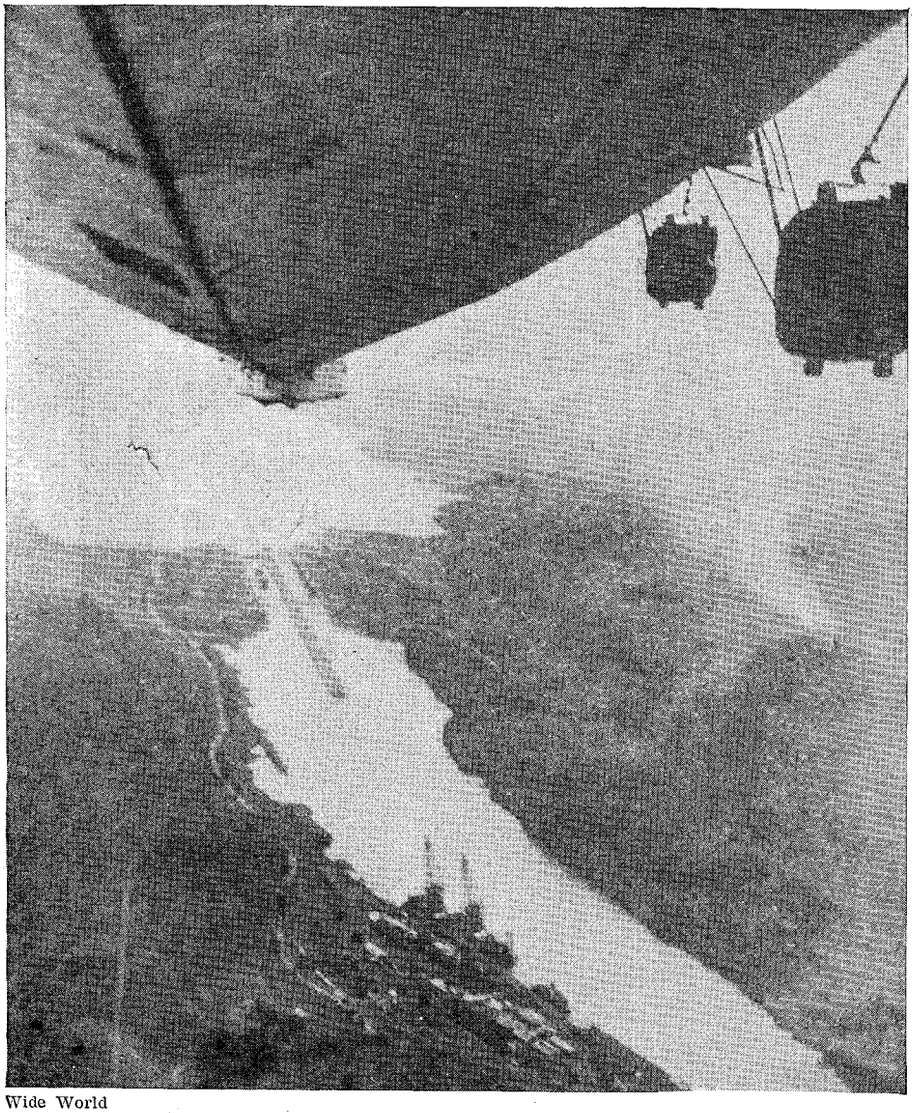

Wide World

LOOKING DOWN ON THE PANAMA CANAL

A view of the Panama Canal taken from the Los Angeles on her recent demonstration flight

from innermost Bolivia with an account of the discovery of an isolated tribe of Indians who, he says, bear marked physical and cultural resemblances to the Melanesian peoples of New Guinea and other islands to the northeast of Australia, a notably dark race with many peculiar customs. Could the latter people have migrated to the New World? The anthropologists who, as aforesaid, are in the minority, but who nevertheless hide their light under no bushel, believe that these and other southern Old World peoples did so migrate, crossing the Pacific from island to island in large canoes and colonizing American areas where the Indians already were, perhaps ruling over them and giving them their advanced culture. This school of thought, called diffusionism, holds that civilization started in one place and spread; while the orthodox school of thought holds that identity of manners and customs argues merely that the human mind, however isolated, works the same the world over.

Thus Dr. Verrill's new discovery in South America is likely to lead to the renewal of what has been an almost vitriolic controversy among scientists.

Have You One in Your Home?

CHAIRS would slide about the floor, it was said, teapots would flit from one side of the room to the other, and slippers would spin beneath the beds in the home in London where lives little Douglas Drew, aged eight. So his family—and especially his aunt—averred that he was possessed of an unruly spirit. The National Laboratory for Psychical Research put him under observation.

In a large glass cage the scientists set him, and kept watch. Harry Price, the Director of the Institute, and his assistants gazed at the child from all sides of the cage. He amused himself with toys, arranged tin soldiers in rows and knocked them down dead, and played a small music-box with dancing figures attached. But nothing in the cage moved unless Douglas touched it. Left alone, the tin soldiers lay dead, the music-box stood silent.

Mr. Price, an associate of the late Houdini, the exposer of false mediums, has been working on a theory that the pent-up magnetic energy in the boy causes objects around him to move. Apparently the energy is not so different from that pent up in a good many boys eight years of age.

From Washington

A President Awaits a Mayor

A SPLOTCH of color fell athwart the grim grayness of Washington the other day. There arrived in town a debonair gentleman, none other than Mayor Jimmie Walker, of New York. He had a bit of bartering on his mind—a job lot of odds and ends of real estate which Father Knickerbocker wants to swap to Uncle Sam for the old Post Office Building. With the trade and how it prospered or failed to prosper we are not here concerned. What we are concerned with is the fact that Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, Attorney-General Sargent, Postmaster-General New, and the President of the United States, Calvin Coolidge, were kept waiting, scuffing their feet and looking impatiently at their watches, while Mayor Jimmie sipped his coffee at the hotel.

Many big men have been to Washington in recent years. One recalls a Governor-General of Canada, a Marshal of France, a Prince of Siam, a head man of the Zulus, a chief of the Hopis, and a king of the gypsies. Any one of them could have kept the President of the United States waiting if he had wanted to—so simple an office is that of our Chief Magistrate—but no one of them did.

Ignoring the Submarine

REPRESENTATIVE FROTHINGHAM, of Massachusetts, asked the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House to go on record, and to seek to place Congress on record, as favoring the abolition of submarines by international agreement. And the Committee came within one vote of doing it. Chairman Porter, saying that to make such a request would be to ask small nations to strengthen our defense by weakening their own, cast the vote which defeated the resolution.

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Another Committee of the House has abolished the submarine, so far as the United States is concerned, by the simple expedient of leaving it out of the Naval Construction Bill. No official explanation has been made, but those who unofficially profess official knowledge explain that the Navy has shown little interest in the submarine branch of the service; that until it does manifest an interest it has all the submarines it needs; and that, confidentially, the Navy is quite content to have no more submarines until it recovers from the recent public chastisement concerning them.

The same Committee—that of Naval Affairs—abolished the destroyer leader by the same process. The unofficial spokesmen say that the kind of craft which the Navy asked for would have been inadequate if constructed, and that no leader is better than a leader which cannot lead.

The Naval Construction Bill continues to be the most mysterious thing in Washington.

The Senate on the Trail

SLOWLY, the Senate committees now investigating are getting the facts they are after.

James A. Patten, Chicago grain merchant, told the Walsh Committee how the treasurer of the Republican National Committee parceled out some of the Sinclair bonds to individuals and had the price of them appear as contributions from those individuals.

M. T. Pessin, of New York, told how in 1919 three prominent Republicans, for political purposes, paid $600,000 for the American Association of Foreign Language Newspapers. The three named were Senator T. Coleman Du Pont, of Delaware; William Boyce Thompson, of Chicago; and John T. Pratt, of New York.

A memorandum in Mr. Pratt's files revealed notations concerning "Weeks," "Butler," "Du Pont," and "Andy." Senator Walsh addressed a note to Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, asking for any light that he could throw on the "Andy" reference. Secretary Mellon replied that he knew nothing of the late Mr. Pratt's transactions, but that $50,000 of the Sinclair bonds had come to him from Will H. Hays. Later Mr. Hays called and explained how the bonds came into his possession. Secretary Mellon declined to keep the bonds or to be a party to the transaction of swapping the Republican National Committee cash in exchange for the Sinclair bonds. The bonds sent to Mr. Mellon are presumably the ones which Mr. Hays says he returned to Mr. Sinclair.

William M. Butler, former Senator from Massachusetts and now Chairman of the Republican National Committee, having been invited to make a statement concerning the "Butler" reference in the Pratt memorandum, has denied having received any bonds or contributions from Mr. Hays or Mr. Sinclair.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

CRITICISM
ATTACK ON G.O.P.
CRITICISM
TURN THE RASCALS OUT
I RECKON THEIR AIN'T A BETTER KICKER IN THE WHOLE WORLD — I WISH I COULD GET HIM TO WORK IN HARNESS!
JIM REED OF MISSOURI
DEM. PARTY
CONSTRUCTIVE ISSUES
CO-OPERATION WITH THE REST OF THE PARTY
ORR

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From Missouri

Looking into Nicaragua

SENATOR HEFLIN, in his usual ill-considered way, introduced a resolution providing that the marines be immediately withdrawn from Nicaragua. He never considers his own interest in such matters. If he got all the things that he asked for, he would have so little left to talk about that he probably could not speak oftener than every other day. But the cooler heads of the committees protect him.

The Foreign Relations Committee reported unfavorably on Heflin's resolution. In presenting the report of the Committee, Chairman Borah, who did not want the marines in Nicaragua in the first place, said that to withdraw them now would be to leave the Liberals at the mercy of those now in control of the Government. The marines must stay, he said, until the election is held, in accordance with our agreement. Then he hopes that we may get out and stay out—and he represented the entire Committee as entertaining the same hope.

Following the unfavorable report on the Heflin resolution, Senator Norris introduced one which has set the Committee on Foreign Relations to seeking an answer to the question whether the President has the authority to use the armed forces of the Nation to supervise elections in foreign countries.

Charges by a Miners' Leader

BEFORE the Interstate Commerce Committee, investigating conditions in the coal mines of the Pittsburgh district, the President of the United Mine Workers, John L. Lewis, appeared and gave his version of the abrogation of the Jacksonville agreement by the Pittsburgh Coal Company and others. He charged a

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onspiracy of the railroads with the nine owners to depress miners' wages in order to get locomotive fuel at lower prices.

Keeping a Stage-Coach Congress

FOR the time being at least the lame ducks of Congress have been saved from extinction. Although a majority in the House of Representatives supported the Norris-White resolution for a Constitutional amendment providing that a new Congress shall begin to function on January 4 following election (instead of thirteen months after election as at present), it was not sufficient to pass it, for it lacked the requisite two-thirds.

For years attempts have been repeatedly made to make the interval between the election of a President and Congress and the beginning of the new administration and the new Congress less like that required in stage-coach days in the eighteenth century and more like that required in the age of railways, airplanes, telegraph, and radio. The Senate has recommended the needed Constitutional amendment several times. This year the House was given a chance to vote on it. In the vote both parties were split wide open. Republican leadership opposed the change, while Democratic leadership favored it. But the actual leadership of the measure was largely left to a Republican Representative, Mr. White, of Kansas.

Success for this reform is somewhat nearer than it has ever been before. The opposition to it was not composed wholly of those who believe that things should be as they have been. Some of the opponents of this particular measure believe that it was not properly framed. The country has not been stirred up emotionally by the proposal; but the Press has been overwhelmingly for it, and the American Bar Association, which has studied the matter carefully, is practically unanimous in its favor. It will come about some time.

The Democratic Deficit Turned into a Surplus

CLEM SHAVER, of the Democratic National Committee, has wiped out his deficit from the 1924 campaign and has published the names of contributors with the sums they gave.

More. He has a nest-egg of $250,000 with which to start the 1928 campaign —and has published the names of the men who gave that.

Thomas Fortune Ryan, of New York and Virginia, heads the list with $50,000.

Delegates

LOWDEN has pocketed the delegations from Iowa and South Dakota and Curtis that from his home State of Kansas. Hoover, with no delegates as yet, has entered Indiana for single combat with Senator Watson.

The only visible effect of Senator Walsh's spectacular entry into the Democratic contest is that Senator Reed has hurried back to Washington to "revise" his campaign. Rumor runs to the effect that he has discovered that prohibition is an issue.

Incidentally, Walsh got a few thousand less votes than Governor Smith in the South Dakota Democratic State Convention—41,000 to 43,000, or something of the kind. That sounds like the biggest State convention ever held, but, like many Western noises, it is not as big as it sounds. Each delegate cast as many votes as were cast in his county at the last election. Even with such promiscuous repeating, the action of the State Convention does not very definitely pledge the delegation, which is yet to be selected.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

"JUST WHAT do you mean when you suggest a general treaty outlawing war?" the European Powers are asking Secretary Kellogg. His renewal of this proposal to France has made it the most interesting question in international affairs.

No one can doubt that European statesmen want to find a way to line America up with Europe to keep peace in the world. That has been made clear afresh at the March meeting of the Council of the League of Nations. But they still want to know how far the United States will agree to go.

When Secretary Kellogg urges that Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan join with the United States in renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, and asserts that all war is an assault upon the stability of society, Europe asks: "Can the Government at Washington be saying that it is ready to commit the United States never to go to war again about anything?" Would it, for instance, intrust questions arising under the Monroe Doctrine to arbitration? Europe is slow to believe it—naturally, I think—but if the United States is proposing to forswear fighting whatever the issue, Europe wants to know it. If, on the other hand—as Europe suspects—the United States would make reservations on some points, Europe wants to know that and to consider them in connection with reservations European Powers might want to make.

Agreement that the American proposal of a joint treaty against war does not necessarily conflict with the obligations of members in the League of Nations was evident at the gathering of the Council. The Foreign Ministers of Great Britain, France, and Germany and the representatives of Italy and Japan conferred on all the questions involved. Senator Borah's argument, that an act of aggression by a party to the treaty would automatically abrogate it and free the other parties to take action as they might see fit, commanded keen interest. If that is the meaning of the American scheme, the delegates assented, then diplomacy can reconcile it with the pledges given by League members.

A "satisfactory formula"—every one at Geneva seemed confident—can be found. It was expected that Foreign Minister Briand, of France, would soon send a reply to Mr. Kellogg, opening the way to new negotiations along the lines of the resolutions adopted by the Pan-American Congress at Havana against wars of aggression and in favor of obligatory arbitration.

PENDING the outcome of its effort for a six-Power accord against war, the Administration at Washington has pushed further its arbitration program. It has come to an understanding with the French Government that the newly signed Franco-American arbitration treaty, covering questions of a "justiciable character," does not interfere with, but rather reinforces the Bryan conciliation treaty adopted in 1914, covering matters of a political character. And Mr. Kellogg has offered to Italy an arbitration treaty similar to the one just concluded with France.

GENEVA is to remain the capital of the League of Nations. That question was settled once for all when the Council approved, at its March session, a report of a special committee in favor of a new headquarters building on the shores of Lake Geneva. For some time Austria supported by other na-

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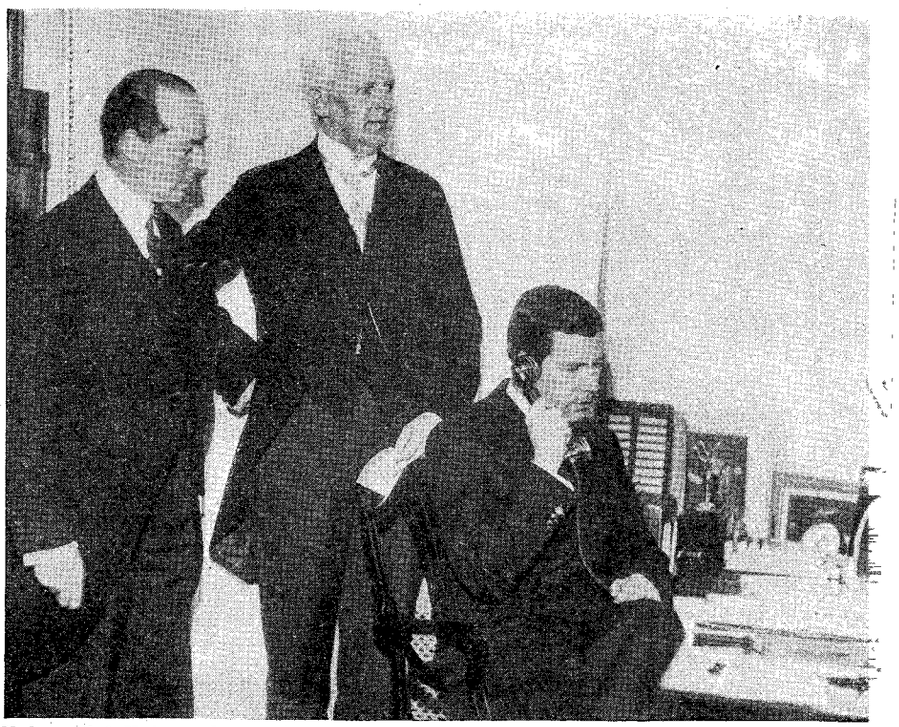
tions, has been arguing in favor of a transfer to Vienna. The great palaces of the former Imperial Government were a tempting inducement. On the other hand, Belgium also actively sought consideration. Germany opposed Austria—partly because a League center in Vienna would prevent any possible union of Austria with Germany—and the political objections against shifting the League Secretariat to the soil of a belligerent in the World War, which weighed against Austria, weighed likewise against Belgium.

In another matter of importance the League Council made a significant decision. That was the affair of the notorious shipment from Italy of machine guns labeled as "agricultural implements" destined for Poland that somehow found their way to the Hungarian border, where they were detected. The "Little Entente" nations—Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia positively, and Rumania half-heartedly because of her affiliations with Italy—demanded a League investigation. After a week of bitter debates, against the opposition of Hungary and Italy, the Council ordered an official inquiry by a neutral commission. By this time there has been plenty of opportunity to destroy evidence, so that the truth may be hard to reach. But the League has upheld its vital right to supervise the execution of the military safeguard clauses of the peace treaties. That right requires impartial exercise by an international authority for the sake of strengthening order and confidence in Europe.

A "HOLY WAR" threatens Arabia. This time it is not a crusade of the Mohammedan faithful against the infidel—at least not directly—but a family affair between Moslems. Ibn Saud, King of the Hedjaz and Sultan of Nejd, is said to be preparing a campaign against King Feisal of Irak and Emir Abdullah of Transjordania. And the news has considerably disturbed Great Britain, holder of mandates under the League of Nations for these two principalities.

Ibn Saud is the leader of the fanatical Wahabi sect of Mohammedans—a kind of bearded Cromwell among orthodox puritanical followers of the Prophet who abjure all smoking, drinking, soft living, and heresy against literal interpretation of the Koran. He formerly dominated only the extensive interior Arabian region of Nejd. His present position as King of the Hedjaz, bordering on the Red Sea, dates back four years.



Underwood & Underwood

SWEDEN ON THE WIRE

Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden talking from the royal palace in Stockholm to Secretary Kellogg in Washington at the opening of the regular telephone service between the two countries

At that time King Hussein ruled the Hedjaz as Grand Shereef of Mecca, the sacred city of the Mohammedans; and his two sons—Feisal and Abdullah—ruled Irak and Transjordania. Hussein aspired to be Caliph, the spiritual head of the Moslem world, after the Turkish Nationalists deposed the former Sultan from that position. Ibn Saud considered Hussein's ambition presumptuous, ordered his strenuous-living followers to their camels, and went effectively to war. Hussein decamped with what dignity haste would permit. His third son, Ali, attempted for some days to hold the line his father had left, and then in turn chose the better part of valor. Ibn Saud became King of the Hedjaz. And British representatives are reported to have paid him $300,000 yearly to keep peace in Arabia.

That is why Great Britain is so perturbed by Ibn Saud's sudden indication of warlike intentions against Hussein's other two sons in the British-supervised states to the north of Hedjaz and Nejd, and why British garrisons are getting ready airplanes and machine guns to protect these rulers whom the Wahabi leader calls "renegade and unfaithful."

In past years French agents in Arabia were said to have courted the friendship of Ibn Saud in Nejd. So more may be back of the news than appears in the headlines—as sometimes happens. In any event, this affair will command international attention, for it affects the whole system of European influence in the Near East.

TROUBLE in Egypt is complicating the British position in the Near East. Ever since Great Britain in 1922 declared Egypt an independent Kingdom—with reservations concerning the Sudan and the safety of the Suez Canal—attempts have been under way to replace the British protectorate with a satisfactory agreement. The latest step was the negotiation of a treaty of alliance, under which Great Britain was to keep her garrison in Egypt. This treaty the Nationalists in the Egyptian Parliament have refused to accept, and their opposition has forced out of office the Liberal Ministry that agreed to it. Great Britain has notified Egypt that she reserves the right to take such steps as the situation may demand. The response to the ultimatum has been rioting and attacks on British and other foreign institutions—in the course of which the American College at Cairo was stoned. The situation is ugly. The Nationalists declare that nothing short of real independence will satisfy them.

The hostility they face in India and Egypt must make British officials wonder whether it is worth while to maintain the hypothesis of home rule.

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Mussolini and the Pope

By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

The situation between the Italian Government and the Vatican as it exists under the Fascist régime is here studied by Professor George Raffalovich, long a writer on international politics. He has recently returned from a five years' stay in Italy. The author of the first life of Mussolini to be printed in English, he has had unusual opportunities for information.

IN 1870 Pope Pius IX shut himself up in the extensive grounds of the Vatican, a voluntary prisoner, refusing to recognize Rome as the capital f Italy. None of his successors has so ar recognized the rights of the Italian ation to Rome. But every time a new égime is set up, whether it is a new 'apacy or a new Government, rumors pread that the situation is about to be odified.

The idea seems to prevail that the rogress achieved by the Fascist Govrnment in an attempt at settling the mporal claims of the Vatican must em irritatingly slight to Premier Musolini. As a matter of fact, no progress made in this matter, because neither Iussolini nor the Vatican wants the nly possible solution—the true independence of the Roman Church.

Since 1922 Fascist "trial balloons" ave been sent up at regular intervals, ow in public articles by Gentile, the Iinister of Education; or Arnaldo Musolini, the dictator's brother; now in rivate confidences by Dino Grandi, the igar-coated Machiavelli of the Fascist gime in Bologna. Sometimes one of ie Fascist organs of second rank lets ff steam and swears that no Fascist ates shall ever recognize the temporal ower of the Papacy. Such an organ n be repudiated. Mussolini therefore lows it to air the question. We have so recurrent statements by the handy Osservatore Romano," the semi-official rgan of the Vatican, in which articles e first inspired and then occasionally pudiated.

The Fascist feelers are partly due to ie imagination of Dino Grandi, the oss of Bologna, whose rise has been as henomenal as his fall will be whenever Iussolini finds no further use for his lent of ingratiating himself with stranrs and enemies. He probably offered "fix it" for his chief. Few public men ve less judgment.

The fact is, no solution is possible at esent. Too many factors are involved. Iussolini's motley army contains a rge proportion of one-time anti-clerials like himself. The royal family is ually divided on the subject of relign. Many priests are openly opposed Fascism, and the next Pope may be. oreign countries would become panicky the head of all the Catholics entered single-handed into negotiations with the head of the Italian state.

The Fascist reasoning is clear enough: "The Vatican is now largely an Italian state; every Papal envoy abroad is instinctively an Italian propagandist. If he were not, the local Fascisti could make his stay abroad impossible. At home, every Italian bishop, every Italian priest, ought to be an instrument of the local Fascio, not merely administering religion, but teaching the population the new Italian creed, thus complementing the task of the state-controlled schoolmaster. But if the Vatican so willed it, every priest and bishop would put on the brakes, and the whole country would witness an effective sabotage of Fascism. And Fascism could do nothing. The past would be raked up. All anti-Fascists would unite again. Fascism must therefore forge a lever that will lift the Vatican to the position of willing satellite. The Pope must abandon his 'prison,' visit Rome, and receive royal honor from the Black Shirts. How can this be accomplished?"

This was tried by Arnaldo Mussolini, Dino Grandi, Gentile, and even the Duce himself. Mussolini submitted to church marriage, had his children confirmed by a cardinal in the Tuscan mountains, discarded some of his friends who were personally objectionable to Church or King, retained half-hearted supporters who were personally looked upon with favor by Church or King. He had previousy restored the crucifix in the public places whence it had been banished since 1871. He gave subsidies to Italian missions. Every Italian priest abroad was especially recommended to Fascist envoys. Any young man who wished to enter the priesthood was exempted from military service, and at once the seminaries were filled again. Bishops and cardinals calling at Mussolini's offices in the Palazzo Chigi were treated with great deference. Humble apologies are offered whenever Catholics are assaulted by Fascisti.

Did these concessions by non-believers secure a lever to Fascism? The Vatican has not moved one inch towards a solution, because the Vatican is a worldly-wise institution. It is more convenient to allow matters to rest. Should the Pope become again a temporal king, many difficult problems would arise at once. Possible jealousy on the part of French, Spanish, South American, or the representatives of the wealthy Catholics of the United States is but one of them. The Popes would need to free themselves from Italian influence. The story of the martyrdom of the "august prisoner" would have to be abandoned. The Church in Italy would be quickly brought under the thumb of the Government. In time of war the Vatican would probably be occupied by Italian troops for its own protection, and its inhabitants hopelessly divided. In short, all the points left in abeyance, all the difficulties which other nations are now willing to smooth over because one cannot fight a "poor prisoner," would be brought forward.

What, then, is the purpose of the new revival of rumors and discussions which we are witinessing? Both sides are maneuvering for position. Fascism must pretend it is doing something towards the opening of negotiations. The Vatican must reassure the Catholic Nationalists of France that it has not fallen a victim to Mussolini's blandishments. Gentle hints and suave objections may in ecclesiastical circles conceal very stern intentions. The Vatican belongs to all Catholics.

An appeal to the League of Nations has about as much chance of success as any attempt at an open frank discussion of the temporal power of the Papacy. Both sides are in a difficult position. They know the only possible solution. But that solution would create another situation even more difficult.

Mussolini will create no truly free and independent Papal State. He has suffered too much from his friends to contemplate any addition to their number.

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That Live Issue—Prohibition

READERS of The Outlook are promptly taking the chance we have offered them of registering their opinions about prohibition.

Already answers to the questionnaire on the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act which was printed last week are coming in. Actually, the edition was scarcely off the press before the first answers were received. The alacrity of these early responses betokens both an interest in the subject and an intelligent thought about it that are characteristic of the readers of this journal. And quite characteristic of them also is the diversity of their opinions, which range from devoted support to emphatic and complete antagonism and include varying positions between.

In such diversity of opinions there is ample justification for regarding prohibition as still an open question. The adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment did not settle it. On the contrary, it has made National prohibition a continued and living subject of debate for eight years, and never more alive and never less abated than today. What it has done has been to change National prohibition from an academic theory to a practical question of self-government. We have not reopened the question; for it has never been closed.

In a self-governing country no question of government can be regarded as closed as long as there is any considerable number of people ready to debate it. The very essence of a popular constitution consists in its being the preponderant will of the people; and it is only through free discussion that the will of the people can be ascertained. And when the will of the people changes, so does the spirit of the constitution, and so should its form.

This was in the mind of the framers of the Constitution at the very beginning. When the Constitution was first submitted to the States for ratification, many leaders opposed ratification because it lacked certain provisions which they deemed essential. The friends of the Constitution, led by Washington, met the objection by the argument that, once ratified, the Constitution could be amended so as to make it conform to the will of the people. Consequently, the very first Congress proposed changes. Madison went so far as to suggest that the new provisions be interwoven into the existing Constitution. Thus, at the very start, the makers of the Constitution themselves regarded it as a living thing, growing with the requirements of the Nation.

If this was true of the Constitution as it was first created, it is true of every later addition to it. If the whole Constitution at first was an experiment subject to modification after trial, so must every modification of it be regarded as an experiment subject in turn to whatever modification experience may dictate.

What does experience tell us, then, about the Eighteenth Amendment? That it should be retained as it is? That it should be abandoned as unworkable? Or that it should be itself amended? What does experience tell us about the law passed to enforce the Amendment? Is it a true interpretation of the will of the people as embodied in the Amendment as it stands or as it may be embodied in some new Amendment? Have the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act had a fair trial? If not, what do the people propose to do to give them a fair trial? If they have had a fair trial, do the people believe they are working well or ill? These are not only legitimate but pressing questions. We believe the readers of The Outlook are well qualified to take the lead in answering them.

Readers who have not filled in their ballots still have time to do so. We have not yet set any date for the closing of the polls. As soon as possible we shall begin to report the progress of the vote. The results will doubtless vary as different sections are heard from. Meantime we renew our request that our readers, setting aside all questions of political expediency, all emotional appeal, and all presuppositions, assist us in ascertaining what the people think about prohibition.

A Bird Editorial

AS spring approaches, the birds of our Northern summers are beginning to return from their winter trip to Florida and South America. A bird editorial therefore in order. But we could not, if we tried, write a better one than that which came in our morning mail the other day from the Roosevelt Wild Life Forest Experiment Station maintained by the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University. So, wishing we had written it ourselves, we pass it along to our readers:

"W. L. McAtee, of the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, recently made a study of the birds of New York State, and finds that most of the hawks and owls are beneficial to the wood-lot owner. Wood-lots will be well rid of the sharp-shinned hawk, the Cooper's hawk, and the goshawk, as they are responsible for most of the damage done by big birds to other animal life. Only rarely does the great horned owl appropriate chickens from the farm or game from the forest. Therefore, for the most part, these families of large birds are beneficial to the wood-lot.

"Among the desirable hawks and owls, there is listed the red-tailed hawk, the red-shouldered hawk, the broad-winged hawk, the long-eared owl, the saw-what owl, and the snowy owl. These birds generally destroy undesirable rodents, insects, and other animal life that may be injurious to the well being of the wood-lot. The red-tailed hawk, for example, feeds upon grasshoppers, caterpillars, beetles, snakes, frogs, and toads, and, while occasionally condemned, this bird may generally be considered an economic and a scenic asset. The harm that these birds do, on the whole, is not serious. They are to be desired as part of the forest life.

"Aside from the good that birds do in controlling the damage done by rodents and insects, they are the direct cause of increasing the range of trees by the spreading of seeds. The larger birds of the wood-lot, particularly the grouse, certainly can be classed as game birds, and thus give to the sportsmen of the State certain recreation. Summer colonies, summer camps, and summer boarding places continue to prosper because of their nearness to woods. Take away the woods, with the trees, flowers, and birds, and another of America's big industries would succumb."

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The Religion of College Men

THOSE who regard religion as outward conformity to theological doctrines, customary rituals, and traditional moral codes firmly believe that there is something wrong with the religion of college men today.

Testimony is practically universal that toward a religion of conformity the great majority of college men today are indifferent. At a recent conference at Princeton of nearly threescore college presidents and an almost correspondingly impressive group of deans, professors, and religious leaders this indifference was admitted. Dr. Ernest H. Wilkins, President of Oberlin College, an institution with a strong religious tradition, declared that "in a typical modern college body of 1,000 men about 100 might fairly be said to be religiously minded, rather more than 800 would not ordinarily be much concerned about religion—their attitudes varying from subliminal acquiescence to subliminal distrust—and a residuum would consider themselves to have dispensed with religion." This indifference to outward form is evidenced by the attitude of college men toward chapel services. Dean Willard L. Sperry, of the Harvard University Divinity School, testified to the effect of this indifference in places where chapel services are compulsory by declaring: "I have spoken in colleges on Sundays throughout the country, and there are certain ones to which I shall never return, not because I was brutally insulted, but simply because I will not be a party to procedure which is bad for the college and bad for the students."

One reason for this indifference of college men toward traditional forms of religion has been described by Professor F. S. C. Northrup, of Yale. In brief, it is that modern scientific evidence concerning nature and man, with which college students become acquainted, has raised questions that are more fundamental than matters of outward observance. Is religion anything more than pious hope responding to exhortation? Does the universe, as science is making it known, allow any room for the claims of religion? Professor Northrup believes that out of science can come a "philosophy of life which, in its ethical and inspirational qualities and its effectiveness, will surpass anything which conventional religion now offers." But the college undergraduate has not yet reached the point at which Professor Northrup has arrived.

Another reason for the college man's indifference to traditional religious forms and practices is to be found in the tremendous stress of modern college life. As one report of the conference at Princeton summarized the opinion of those present, "the typical college undergraduate—800 out of every group of 1,000—has too much to do, both of work and amusement, to consider religion other than something that 'isn't done' in college. He spends a good part of his waking hours in study. He spends many more in athletics, dramatics, working for publications, or in fraternity affairs. He goes every week to a dance, a game, and a movie. He spends hours in talking, about everything from fraternities to college politics, college scandal, jobs, and women."

For these two reasons, one intellectual, the other practical, the typical college man of today is not atheistic, or even agnostic, so much as indifferent.

If this is a true diagnosis, the Church will make no progress in winning the leaders of the younger generation by simply multiplying its efforts to emphasize traditional beliefs, practices, and codes, and by deploring the unresponsiveness of the younger generation to its efforts. Fortunately, that same diagnosis indicates two ways by which the Church can approach the younger generation with hope of success.

First, if it can divest itself of traditional ways of thinking, the Church can speak in the language which science has made known to those who are looking at the world with new eyes. The modern college man is not incorrigibly skeptical; he is simply accepting the words of those who seem to him to speak out of knowledge. "Science has not superseded religion among college undergraduates today," said Dean Sperry at the conference; "our modern students have simply shifted their credulity. Instead of believing everything their ministers and Sunday-school teachers tell them, as they did when children, they now believe everything their biology professors tell them." The Church has a great opportunity to restate its thought of religion in terms that those who have learned at the knees of science will understand and respect. It is because the Church has not done this, except here and there, that college undergraduates still think of religion in terms of past ages and have not acquired the faith that is characteristic of some of the greatest scientific leaders.

Second, if it can rid itself of the idea that young people must be attracted, the Church can appeal to young people by offering them a chance for the activity they crave and have a right to. They want work to do that they believe is worth while. That is why they fill their lives in colleges with what are called "extra-curricular activities." What has the Church to offer them to do that is worth while to them? When it finds the answer to that question, it will have no occasion to deplore the "indifference of the younger generation."

Casual Grievers

THE Associated Press tells the story of a petition circulated for the recall of a certain Texas official. When the names on the petition were checked over, it was discovered that among them was the name of his mother-in-law. There's no mother-in-law joke involved in the situation. The lady merely thought that she was signing a petition for lower taxes. Such indeed is the usual fate that is meted out to that valuable right protected by the First Amendment to our Constitution—the right to petition the Government for a redress of grievances. It explains the source of many of the petitions that are placed on the doorsteps of Congress.

We recall the comment which Theodore Roosevelt made on one such petition which was brought to his attention by its enthusiastic sponsor.

"Look at all these names, Mr. President," the collector of the petition said.

"My dear fellow," replied Roosevelt, "I could get up a petition as long as that to have you hanged."

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James A. Reed—Fighter

A Political Portrait

By DIXON MERRITT

Senator Reed's first public office was that of public prosecutor, and he has never entirely discarded the title. What kind of a President would he be? Mr. Merritt observes that the caustic critic of literature has rarely been able to create literature. He wonders whether a man who has devoted the larger part of his public life to criticism of government could produce government. This is the third of a series of political portraits.

THERE is in James A. Reed, of Missouri, more of the Scotch character than has been in any other man on the floor of the American Senate since James Burnie Beck was taken home to Lexington, dead. It has survived the generations of American Reeds since the family came to Pennsylvania some decades before the Revolution.

The fact is important only because it goes a long way toward explaining the otherwise inexplicable in Reed. Macaulay said that, while the Scotch had the worst form of government in Christendom, they were not badly governed—because Scotchmen would not submit to bad government. That is the proposition; here is the corollary: No man, a Scotchman in soul, submits to what he thinks is bad government.

James A. Reed, always devoted to what he conceives to be sound theory in American government, has never submitted to the actual Government which has existed in this country. Always and eternally, he is Reed of the Opposition.

And yet James A. Reed resents, almost belligerently, the imputation that he is a fighter. He believes that his natural paths are paths of peace. He thinks that all the fighting of his long life of fighting has been forced upon him.

So thought, sincerely, Reed's fellow-Missourian, Jesse James. So said—and doubtless thought—Napoleon Bonaparte.

Fighting is forced, in slightly varying degrees, on all men. And all men, in varying measures, fight. But Bonaparte and James and Reed have carried the offensive defense beyond the measure of the race of men who find in it, as their nature is, occasional adventure or occasional ordeal. Fighting is for Reed, as it was for the other two, destiny.

Those who have written of Reed adversely have characterized his work as destructive. But justice cannot be done the man when that word is employed. Advocacy and opposition, popular belief to the contrary, stand on about equal footing as methods of advancing the welfare of society. Reed has nearly always opposed. Rarely has he advocated. But there is not in this any certain proof that Reed has been always, or commonly, a destructive force.

One other common misconception must be got out of the way before James A. Reed can be looked at fairly. The man who constantly and chronically opposes the major part of what exists in government is, in common belief and usually in fact, a radical. Reed is nothing of the kind. He is a conservative, an ultra-conservative, even a reactionary. He sometimes makes common cause with the Republican radicals, but that comes about because they, swinging clear around the circle, become for the moment Democratic reactionaries.

While Reed talks like a Southerner of the old, old school, he is not Southern, not even border Southern. Born on an Ohio farm, taken to an Iowa sheep ranch in infancy, left fatherless at eight, he grew up as a corn-belt farm boy and did not become a Missourian until he was twenty-six years old.

NOW, what is the work of James A. Reed, upon which he must be judged?

He was Public Prosecutor of Jackson County, Missouri—elected to "clean up the town" of Kansas City. He indicted 287 men on felony charges and convicted 285 of them. That may impress some persons as too good a record. The fear is inescapable that there were more than two innocent men among the defendants. Reed explains that he never indicted a man until he was first thoroughly convinced of that man's guilt. Even so, the record reveals an uncanny prosecuting ability, a peculiar quality of prosecuting mentality. That quality James A. Reed undoubtedly had—and still has.

James A. Reed was elected, on a "reform" ticket, as Mayor of Kansas City and served two terms, from 1900 to 1904. The job cut out for him was to make the traction and other public utility companies "behave." He did.

After that Reed practiced law successfully and, for him, silently until 1910, when he was elected to the United States Senate. That did not terminate his practice or make it less successful.

After seventeen years of strenuous service, Reed's name is connected with no legislation. Whatever his virtues may be and whatever his vices, bursting the hopper with bills is not one of them.

Essentially, James A. Reed has been before the grand jury most of the time during his seventeen years in the Senate.

Reed has played a prominent part in keeping five men from enjoying membership in the Senate. In his own estimation, he has striven to prevent the recognition of money as an admission ticket to that august hall. He worked actively and effectively in the Stephenson case, the Lorimer case, the Newberry case, the Smith case, and the Vare case.

Reed has helped to push the hope of the Presidency out of the reach of three men. In the Kenyon campaign fund investigation of 1920 he got into the record the facts which destroyed the chances of Governor Frank O. Lowden and of General Leonard Wood for the Republican nomination. He supplied to the Walsh committee in 1924 the tip which led to the discovery that William G. McAdoo had received $250,000 in fees from Edward L. Doheny, and at the moment when the Democratic nomination seemed within McAdoo's grasp.

Reed has deprived one man of the highest law office in the United States. In the lobby investigation of the first Wilson Administration Reed was the chief instrument in uncovering the Havemeyer interest in the beet-sugar industry, which, twelve years later, was to cause the Senate to refuse confirmation of the nomination of Charles B. Warren as Attorney-General.

When the Democrats were in power, Reed, as a Democrat, voted for the run-

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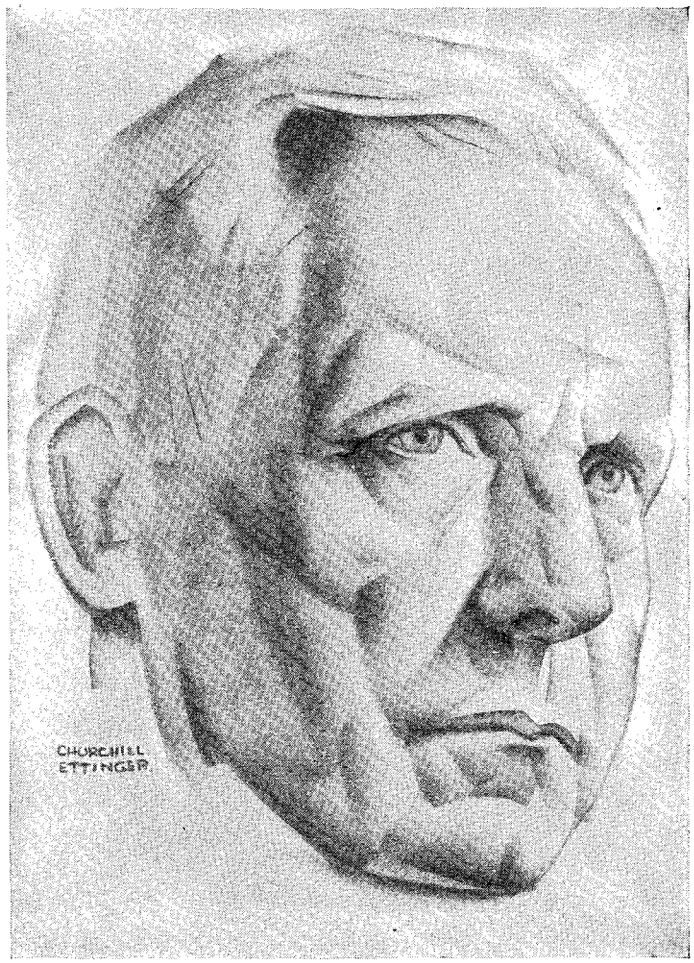

James A. Reed

of-mine measures—including much of the war legislation—but was out of harmony with the party and the President on many of the measures that came out in big lumps. He demanded—and secured—hearings on the Federal Reserve Bill when the President had asked for immediate passage. When he was later read out of the party, Reed was able to show a letter from President Wilson commending him for this.

Wilson was frequently unfortunate when he felt called upon to write thank-you letters. They usually bobbed up like the devil at prayers. When one of the severest newspaper critics of Wilson's course at Versailles was called on the carpet by his publisher, he produced a letter from Wilson commending him for his fairness—and stayed on to pester the President. But to write him a nice letter was not the most serious mistake that the President made with regard to Reed. Politically speaking, Wilson ought to have got rid of Reed by making him Attorney-General. But that was not his way, and perhaps he could not foresee how troublesome Reed would be.

Reed opposed Wilson on Panama Canal tolls and on various purely civil matters. When the war came on, he fought the censorship tooth and nail, and food control with fire and brimstone. Not yet has he ceased to denounce Herbert Hoover for that food-control business.

The war ended and the fight came on for ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, with the League of Nations in it. If the failure of the Senate to ratify that instrument was a great thing for America, the halo is on Reed's head. If that failure was a bad thing for the peace of the world, the blood of men unborn is on Reed's head. Lodge, without Reed, could not have defeated the Treaty of Versailles.

Destructive? I think so. Other men—a vast majority, they say—think otherwise.

Reed has been, both before and since the advent of General Dawes, a leader in the successful effort to prevent amendment of the Senate rules.

In very recent times Reed's activities have been mainly two—the wet and dry hearings and the slush fund investigation.

Reed brought about and conducted the hearings on the bills bearing on prohibition. A great deal of contradictory testimony was gathered as to the efficacy of the Volstead Law, and Reed had a magnificent opportunity of displaying his ability as a cross-examiner. *Post hoc*, but possibly not *propter hoc*, "Major" Roy A. Haynes and General Lincoln C. Andrews returned to oblivion and Nineteenth Street, respectively.

The slush fund investigation still goes on, and is at this moment concerned with perfecting a water-tight case against William S. Vare, Senator-elect from Pennsylvania. It already has sent Frank L. Smith back to Illinois to accept an appointment in lieu of his election. "All that man has gained in his long struggle toward the sunlit plains of liberty," said Reed in his stately phrase, "is the right to cast a little ballot." And that lone right is menaced by money, he holds. Money from dubious sources has been revealed, particularly in the Illinois case. Other influences of a sinister aspect have been uncovered—in Indiana, for instance.

Destructive work? I think not. Other men—an impressive minority, at least—hold a different opinion.

Thus runs the record of James A. Reed, contender for the Democratic nomination for President. A record of opposition, it is destructive or constructive according to the way in which men look at it—and perhaps no man sees all of it in the same light.

THE man who has made this record is sixty-six years old, a tall, spare, white-haired man of ruddy face, dignified and, in a sense, distant. There is in him nothing of the quality ordinarily associated with popularity in politics. Reed is not popular in the accepted sense.

Men succeed in politics because they are able or affable or both. Reed is able; exceptionally and superbly able in one particular line—controversy. As a framer of legislation, as an administrator, as a manager of men—in those lines he has never had or has never availed himself of the opportunity to prove his ability. But as a master in the use of words Reed has been equaled by few men of recent times in American public affairs. There is a Reed cult in Washington, and those who are of it say that he has been equaled in that respect only by the man whom he so bitterly antagonized. But here again must be written the qualifying clause. We are familiar with Reed's mastery of words only in the running debate and in the set

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Natural Religion

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

There is surely nothing new in the idea that the child's first god is the parent; but it takes on a new significance when the psychiatrist discovers that the mature image of divinity is often merely a picture of the parents printed on the infantile and impressionable mind. Mr. O'Higgins is a novelist, a playwright, and one of the first men to apply the discoveries of psychoanalysis to creative writing.

SHE was twenty-odd years of age, a robust and handsome, athletic girl, who had left college to earn her living as a secretary. She had worked her way to a well-paid and responsible position—being ambitious and sober-minded and discreet—but then she had suddenly developed a sort of despair that brought on unaccountable fits of weeping even while she was at work. Her doctor found her suffering with a nervous tension and a high blood-pressure so alarming that he made her take a holiday, and, after months of idleness and no improvement in her health, he sent her to a psychiatrist to discover the origin of the disorder.

A great deal of what the psychiatrist discovered had nothing to do with her religion, but in the course of his diagnosis she brought him a dream of the previous night, which she had written down for him, and it was a religious dream. She imagined that she was standing in a crowd of people who had gathered, as if to see an eclipse of the sun, in an immense open space, where they were all looking up, with awe, at a luminous sphere as big as a second moon hung in the heavens over them. She felt the same awe as they, a religious awe, deeply reverential and impressed by this supernatural appearance of a bright planet that was somehow worshipful in its glory. It seemed to be coming nearer. As it approached, she saw that it was really a kind of gigantic balloon, very beautiful and impressive, but, after all, only a man-made contrivance, and nothing superhuman and celestial. She lost her awe of it. So did many of those around her, who began to whisper to one another with a hissing sound that seemed derisive. The balloon descended nearer and nearer, its radiance fading till she could look at it without being dazzled; and now she could distinguish on it a name in enormous letters, "Jahva." This name did not seem to her to be a form of the word "Jehovah," but a misspelling of "Java"—meaning Java coffee—and she perceived that the balloon was made of sacking. It was nothing but a giant coffee sack. At that she burst into laughter, along with everybody else, and the roar of their mighty guffaws woke her up.

"This," said the psychiatrist, "is a very interesting dream," and he began to question her about her religion. At first she seemed to be firm in her faith. Apparently, she had never questioned it. She had been going to church devoutly since her earliest childhood with her mother, who was fanatical in her religious beliefs; and she had never doubted any of the tenets of her creed. At one time she had taught Sunday school, and, though she had given that up when she began to earn her living—because she was tired out by Sunday—still she had continued to take her part in all the church entertainments and festivities and "socials" and such. She smiled when she spoke of the socials. It had been her special duty to make the coffee at these affairs, and it had seemed to her that there was more eating and drinking around the church than there was religion. "More Java, in fact," the doctor suggested, "than Jehovah."

Yes, she agreed, that was it.

As he talked with her, it became clear that her dream represented the true history of her religious emotions. Without being aware of it, she had passed from awe to skepticism, and from doubt to derision, but this had all happened in some lower level of her mind, below her conscious intelligence, and she had never allowed herself to realize that it was going on. Now, as the result of a revolt against her mother, she rarely attended church at all, but she did not know that her faith had really vanished. She believed that she was as religious as ever and she saw herself as merely too busy to give much time to church activities.

Under the doctor's examination, it developed, too, that her unconscious loss of religious faith had been paralleled by a loss of faith in her father. She had idolized him as a child, but as she grew to adolescence she saw flaws in him. He did not protect her and her mother. He was drinking and gambling and failing in his duties to his wife and his family. Her mother began to complain of him, and to set the girl against him. When the daughter went out to work for her living, she saw herself driven to take her father's place as the protector of the mother, and she despised him. "All this," said the psychiatrist, "is typical."

INEVITABLY, to any child its first god is the parent. In the eyes of the child, the mother and the father are all-powerful and omniscient. There is not an attribute of divinity which these sublime beings do not possess—to the dawning intelligence of the helplessly dependent infant whom they have created. There is scarcely a phrase in the Bible to describe the relations of man to God which could not be used by the small child to its parents if it were capable of expressing its state of mind towards them. And here is the significant thing: its earliest relations with its parents establish in the basic levels of its mind a set of responses that make a pattern for all its later relations with divinity; and these responses are what you might call its "natural religion."

"The most truly religious person that I know," says the psychiatrist, "is a patient of mine who had a peculiar training given her by her father. He was a missionary, a really holy man, with an absolute trust in God. He used to make his small daughter shut her eyes and jump into his arms from a height—from a wall-top, from the roof of a shed—and when he caught her he would say: 'Brave girl. Never be afraid. Your father would never let you fall. And remember: God is like that.' Now, though she has been unfortunate in many ways, she is always serene and unworried in her conviction that Providence is watching over her and that everything that happens to her happens for the best. No conceivable calamity could change that conviction. It has nothing to do with proof or reason. It is beyond argument. It is at the bottom of her consciousness where no merely intelligent operation of the mind can reach it.

"Contrast with her," he says, "another woman who is also the daughter of

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a clergyman. He was as devout, as poor, as self-sacrificing, as the father of my other patient, and when his family were in need he too would say, 'Don't worry. God will provide.' But he neglected his family. He was absorbed in the cares of his church, and he left his wife to struggle with poverty and ill health and the unsatisfied needs of his children and the hardships of a melancholy home. The daughter sympathized with the mother and hated the father for his neglect of them all. She denounced him when her mother died, and she remained a rebel in his household, mothering the younger children but bitterly malevolent toward him. Today her whole life is poisoned with the feeling that there is no god in the universe—unless it be some sort of mischievous devil who delights in the miseries of mankind. This quarrel with God keeps her ill and unhappy. Her dreams are full of guilt and remorse, and all the personal relations of her waking life are marred by her revolt against authority."

In two of these cases there was a plain discrepancy between the intelligent religion of which the patient was aware and the natural religion of which she was unconscious. The girl who had arrived at a derision of Jahva still thought of herself as orthodox, and the woman who thought of herself as atheistic was still unconsciously quarreling with God. But in both cases it was their natural religion that governed their conduct. The girl who thought of herself as orthodox had nevertheless ceased to go to church, and the girl who considered herself atheistic was suffering from a sense of sin because of her impiety. "I find, invariably," says the psychiatrist, "that a patient's unconscious and natural religion is his true religion. It is the one on which he acts. His intelligent faith is something imposed upon him from the outside, and though he may conform to it in his conscious thought it does not govern his conduct unless, like the daughter of the missionary, his conscious faith and his unconscious faith agree."

OBVIOUSLY, if the child never grew up, he would have no need of any god except the parent, but the parents fail to be all-wise and all-powerful in the eyes of the child's increasing intelligence, and he is driven to seek elsewhere an omnipotent protector to sustain him in his weakness, as the parents once sustained him. Normally, he turns to God. He transfers his dependence to a Father in heaven, and this is of great importance in his development as an individual. The supreme problem of mental growth in youth is the problem of achieving sufficient independence of the parent to permit the child to move away naturally from the parental home and found a family of his own. If he can transfer his dependence to a heavenly protector, his growth is liberated. His impulse of dependence is normally so strong that it is like a religious instinct in him, and when it is satisfied by a reliance on a higher power he is freed to develop all his capacities, with a courage and initiative that are rarely possible to the person who is not sustained by an equal faith.

The problem would be simple if parents, all-wise and all-loving, gave their children an all-wise and all-loving God to whom they could transfer. But parents are usually human—that is to say, they are fallible, impatient, arbitrary, perhaps cruel, often jealous, and frequently unjust; and the god whom the child unconsciously shapes in their image tends to have all their failings. Fear is the predominant emotion in the relations of the child to such a deity, and this fear, the psychiatrist finds, is "a vile depressant." It stunts growth instead of assisting it. It affects adversely not only the mental life but the physical development to such a degree that a cynical old proverb recognizes excessive piety as fatal. "The good die young."

In natural religion the first great sin is disobedience—the "original sin" of Genesis. But disobedience is inevitable if the child is to develop his necessary independence of his parent. Consequently, a conviction of sin is an inescapable accompaniment of his growth. Nothing will relieve him of his sense of sinfulness except forgiveness by the parent. The desire to be good is a desire to escape from the anxiety of feeling that he is bad. That anxiety oppresses him with unhappiness. The burden of it can be lifted only by the forgiveness of the parent. And this conviction of sin, followed by the elation of forgiveness, is the mental mechanism which acts in all his later conversions, revivals of faith, and assurances of salvation.

"I HAD a patient recently," says the psychiatrist, "a boy who was giving great trouble to his parents. One day his father whipped him. Next morning he brought a dream to me in which he saw himself pursued by the devil, and he was horrified because Satan had his father's face. Here we have a very ingenious development in natural religion. The parent is sometimes a kind and loving and forgiving deity to the child, and at other times as cruel as the devil. When the child transfers his dependence to God, he is relieved of an anomaly in the nature of Providence if he can project his parent's evil qualities upon a demon who is at war with God and responsible for all the evil happenings which an all-loving God would prevent. Also the child, as he grows, is made aware that many of his natural impulses are regarded as evil impulses by his parent. He comes to feel that he has an Evil Self inside him which prompts him to disobedience. He is easily led to accept these promptings as temptings of the devil. In his dreams he will see his Evil Self as the devil who is persecuting him, and I have had young patients who saw the devil when they were awake, who were led astray by him, and who escaped the unbearable burden of guilt for their evil impulses by putting the responsibility upon this imp who controlled them."

With the development of the Evil Self, the problems of natural religion become serious for the psychiatrist. He finds that the qualities in his patient which are most often marked as sinful are the egotistic impulses which are most needed to produce a strong and healthy attack upon the difficulties of life. The great sin is disobedience, and the great virtues are humility, meekness, subserviency, self-sacrifice, unselfishness, and so forth. There is a consequent lack of initiative, of acquisitiveness, of courage and self-assertion. Along with the egotistic impulses, the sexual impulses are naturally tabued—perhaps because it is the development of sex that breaks the child away from the parent so as to found a new family, and the jealousy of the parent and the loyalty of the child both resist the first sexual attraction. When the parent can transfer his authority to a god who also frowns upon the egotistic and the sexual impulses, the ruin of the child is likely to be complete. He can get no free expression of his natural powers. They have to find their outlets deviously in morbid and perverted forms.

"We find, for instance," says the psychiatrist, "that when a boy is taught by religious parents that sex is sinful, and their abhorrence of sex is then made an attribute of the Deity, the boy does not grow up to sexual morality, but to sexual perversion. This is a terrific tragedy for every one concerned, and it is far more frequent in Puritanic homes

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The Land That Paid No Taxes

A Financial Nightmare

By HAROLD T. PULSIFER

UTOPIAS have always been located in some distant land or some distant age. With Lindberghs, Pinedos, Costes, and Lebrixs caroming off the continents, distant lands are no longer available for the use of the Utopia Construction Company, Unlimited. Remains only distant Time.

There are only three recognized passes over the Mountains of Time to the Long Ago or the Sweet By-and-By. They all work equally well in either direction, and their names are "Time Machine Pass," "Kick in the Head Pass," and "Dream Pass." The "Time Machine Pass" requires elaborate preparation on the part of the traveler.[1] The "Kick in the Head Pass" is likely to prove a painful experience. The "Dream Pass" has therefore been considered for generations the safest and simplest method of reaching a land where even the wildest ideas can be made to sound true and the author thereof can be spared the annoyance of having some impertinent commission appointed to investigate his sanity. All aboard, then, for the Dreamland Express. It will be the quickest trip on record from here to there.

One minute, please, while I fall asleep.

I THOUGHT I was in my study planted safely in front of a fire going over a stack of bills. Instead of that, I found myself seated in a fantastically plastered chamber in front of a black grill-like affair which poured out more heat than a coal stove. The room was lighted by a softly radiant globe which nearly froze my fingers when I touched it.[2]

Hardly had I grown aware of my surroundings when a red-bearded gentleman in a flowing suit of billiard green startled me by putting a hand on my shoulder.

"Pardon me," he said. "Quite by accident I came into this room, saw you dressed for a masquerade ball and sound asleep in front of the grill. Your historically excellent costume caused me to look at you closely and to note (I trust you will excuse my curiosity, sir) what you had on your lap."

I glanced down. "You mean these bills?" I asked.

"Not *these* bills," he said. "*That* bill. When I saw you there sound asleep with a Federal Tax blank for the year 1928 in absolutely perfect condition, I nearly had a stroke of apoplexy.[3] Why, any one might have stolen it!"

"Any one can steal it, so far as I'm concerned," I replied. "Provided they will pay the darn thing."

"You mean pay for it," said my green-clad inquisitor. "The darn thing, my dear friend, is priceless. I'm an expert collector of Americana, and I swear to you that what you have there appears to be a genuine American Federal Tax blank which antedates any known to be in existence by over 150 years. The oldest one we have record of was printed just 850 years ago."

It was my turn to be puzzled. I looked around at the unfamiliar surroundings, at my interlocutor, and back again at the papers in my lap. "Why," I stuttered, "the paper came just yesterday! Yesterday—and you say it's the oldest one in existence! Why, I must have been asleep for a thousand years!"

Here follows an interval of half an hour, in which mutual explanations were in order and concerning which the reader interested in making time flights plausible can write his own story. I'm more interested in the conversation which followed.

"BUT, I still don't see," I can remember saying, "why Federal Tax blanks, old or new, should be considered extraordinary rarities."

"My dear sir," he answered, "because they're such an excellent example of the inefficiency of our ancestors. You know there have been no Federal taxes for a matter of five hundred years. Don't you realize that the Government has endowed itself? That in recent years it has actually paid dividends to the States?"

"I am a simple child of the twentieth century," I stated humbly, "and you are an antiquarian of the thirtieth. I should be grateful if you will give me in words of as few syllables as possible the story of an accomplishment that is a thousand times more incredible to me than this black hot grill which is toasting my shins and this white cold light that is cooling my brow."

"It's a long story," said my *vis-à-vis*. "But it happens to be a special hobby of mine. In fact, I suppose that no one knows any more than I do about the tax systems of the ancients." He settled back in his chair and paused in meditation. "I might as well begin," he went on, "with the event with which our modern Governmental system originated. I refer, as probably you have no means of guessing, to the War with the Moon."

"That what?" I gasped.

"The War with the Moon," he said, as simply as though referring to the marines in Nicaragua. "That happened in 2515 A.D. It left the United States of America with a public debt of fifty billion dollars—thirty billion of which was for loans to the United States of Europe. When it developed that this money could never be repaid"—

"Now you're talking about things I can understand," I interjected.

"When it developed that the money could never be repaid," he continued, with firm professorial insistence, "the people of the United States, under the leadership of Secretary Casaba, determined to rid themselves for all time of the burden of public interest payments. Taxes were increased, a sinking fund set up, and at the end of twenty-four years it appeared certain that the last dollar of bonded indebtedness would be retired within the next twelve months. In the meantime the industrial efficiency of the country had been so increased, due to the discovery by Fordson of the method of getting power from divided atoms,[4] that the taxes were no longer as burdensome as it was feared they might become. Then it was that Casaba's son, who had succeeded him as Secretary of the Treasury, made a proposal that was

[1] And, besides, Mr. Wells has a patent on it.

[2] Two inventions—lightless heat and heatless light—ought to be enough to satisfy the directors of the U. C. Company that I'm a union laborer. Two is all I have room for, anyhow, and I refuse to explain them.

[3] Please forgive the anachronism. I know as well as you do that apoplexy was not abolished by a Constitutional Amendment until 2930—two years after the date of this story.

[4] I said I'd limit myself to two inventions, and here comes a third. But I just can't leave it out—our old friend the divided atom. I'd lose my Utopian working papers if I did.

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I Could Write, if Only—

By RUTH SUCKOW

"THE material advance is immeasurable in comparison with the Old World, but from the point of view of individual refinement and art, the sacrifice is real indeed. Even the humblest European sees in art an aristocratic symbol of his own personality, but modern America has no national art and does not even feel the need of one."

In these two sentences we find the basic impression made by America upon one of its most recent literary discoverers, M. André Siegfreid, of France. M. Siegfried's book, "America Comes of Age," is both more comprehensive and more comprehending than the records that many of our Columbuses have left; but it boils down into these two sentences, and they in turn boil down into the two statements which we have come to regard as so inevitable that we accept them almost as glibly as they are spoken: America has a great new mechanical civilization; America is, therefore, indifferent to the arts.

The first of these two statements no good American is likely to question, and —after he has put in a rousing word for idealism—he may even glory in it. The second is generally taken as the corrollary of the first. No still better American—no self-admittedly intelligent and mature and at least semi-civilized American—is much more likely to question that, for he has always known that on the subject of the arts a European judgment is infallible. Far from questioning it, he repeats it himself in varying tones of rage and despair.

Yet it is just in this particular judgment that I believe our discoverers go wrong. In spite of the distrust which many of them have professed for the virtues of our mechanical civilization, it is upon that that their attention centers. What a discoverer wants to find, of course, is the thing which is strange and new, not the thing which he has at home. So those æsthetic and "highly civilized Europeans," of whom we have always stood in such cultural awe, observe our Ford cars and radios and bathtubs and office buildings, sometimes with horror and frequently with acclaim; but about the art and cultural impulse of the country, that thing so precious to them, they seldom—like M. Siegfried—make any discoveries at all. They state, almost in the same sentence, their conviction that a national art can be evolved only through long centuries of civilization, and their astonishment that a country which in one hundred and fifty-two years of national existence has built thousands of miles of railroads should have evolved no national art! They are content to repeat "mechanical" and "commercial" and "material," and we, in general, are content to repeat these shibboleths after them. For that the United States, one hundred and fifty-two years old, has no great body of national art comparable to that of civilizations nine hundred and fifty-two years old, any American is almost too ready to admit; but when it comes to that correlative statement, "and does not even feel the need of one," it is time that questions were being asked.

FOR they all tell us the same thing: America is indifferent to the arts. It is told to us over and over in our own magazines to our own huge reading public. It is told by foreign writers in lectures to large audiences of art-indifferent American women, and the same old words—"America loves material things, America is indifferent to the arts"—are drunk in with voracious thirst by these same women in the bosom of nearly every one of whom burns the conviction which she plans somehow to impart to the lecturer before she will let him out of her grasp: "I think that *I* could be a writer, too, if I could only find out just how to go about it"! It is said by people to whom one of the natural sights of summer is the horde of Americans, notebooks in hand, tramping through their villages and museums with the single and awful determination to see art or bust. It is even said by the trampers themselves while they rest their burning feet. The summer flight to Europe may be irrefutable evidence that a developed National art is lacking in America; but it is very strange evidence that Americans feel no need for art. In truth, many of them feel that need all too much! I doubt if there is a nation in the world where art is held in such awful veneration, where it is so consistently spelled in capitals of billboard size. That veneration itself is one of the factors that has helped to put a damper upon the spontaneous art impulse of America and to heavily impede its National development.

The more that corollary is considered, the more its necessity must be questioned. One of the questions is this: Since our American civilization has been built almost entirely by those very Europeans to whom the art impulse is so vital, what have they done with that impulse here and why have they thrown it away so carelessly? Must we admit also a following corrollary: That this impulse could not have been so precious and vital to the humble Europeans, after all? It would be an admission that cuts both ways. I, for one, a fairly representative American whose ancestors were presumably art-loving Europeans only a few generations ago, am by no means ready to admit it. I, like hundreds of other Americans of my generation, am more concerned with the art impulse of my Nation than with buying an automobile—although I am not ready to admit, either, another supposedly necessary corollary, that I cannot have both!

I do not mean to suggest that it is easy to have both in this great new mechanical civilization of America about which every one is telling us so many things and about which we are telling ourselves. It is difficult—so difficult, in fact, that group after group of art-loving young Americans have accepted the necessity of M. Siegfried's corollary and, renouncing the shower-baths of their new civilization, have fled to M. Siegfried's own civilization to find their art ready-made. But the difficulty, I believe, lies not so much in the indifference toward art of a new mechanical civilization as in the method of developing a National art within the bounds of, and through the means of, a mechanical civilization.

THE club woman is the one who states the difficulty for us, as she states so many things—that eager, resolute, vigorous, but somewhat bewildered listener at the lecture, who is so sure that *she* could be a writer, too, if she could learn just how to do it. For the really confusing and characteristic thing about the production of a literature, at least in America, is not that nobody wants to write, but that everybody wants to do so—and,

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what is more, believes that he can! The conviction that one man is potentially as good as another holds in the arts as well as in politics. It is what a man does that will get him there. Americans look upon literature, as they have looked upon the American continent, as their cultural El Dorado. They are a people who, by luck and ingenuity, hard work, energy, go-getting, and persistence, have conquered a continent with unrivaled quickness; and now, being ready to turn to culture and the arts, they expect to conquer that more nebulous territory with the same quickness and by the same means. They are now free to be artistic, and so they must get artistic quick; and they are naturally imbued with the optimistic conviction that a work of art—like business success, health, and psychological triumphs—can be produced, full-grown, by the finding and turning of a master-key.

This search for the master-key has always dominated the conception of art and culture in America, just as it has dominated the conception of success of every kind. It has, in itself, furnished subject-matter for some of our finest novels, and thus at least partially justified itself—Henry James's "Roderick Hudson" and "The Portrait of a Lady," Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," and Miss Sedgwick's "Franklin Winslow Kane." It has led to almost as many pilgrimages as the search for oil and gold and land. America has not only welcomed immigrants to its shores. It has sent out its own people in successive waves to England, Italy, and France; for the naïve belief was long cherished—is more or less cherished to this day—that simply to breathe the air of the Old World would make an artist of any ardent American overnight. Art grew on bushes over there, as money grew on bushes over here. *Place* was the master-key. Our young expatriates of the Café du Dome have by no means proved themselves unorthodox Americans in their flight to Paris. They are only fumbling with the worn old master-key of place around the locks of French studios, trying to open the mystery with a single turn of the wrist.

BUT the concept of place has dominated our literature in other ways. It has often seemed that we have found the wonder-key for a National art in the subject-matter of locality, and so one region after another has enjoyed its little literary boom—usually in the wake of the more material prospectors, realtors, and promoters. "Close to the soil" was the watchword of those who put their faith in this key, as "a civilized attitude" is the watchword of other gate-stormers today. This key of locality did indeed unlock the gates of various treasures. It did so, however, when it was turned by a master-hand.

This, however, is in the higher æsthetic reaches of our literature. Upon the great level plains, where production is popularly known as "the writing game," a far more practical and less esoteric master-key must be provided. Here the great device is a course in short-story writing. Whether in our universities, in our college extension departments, or in the studios of literary advisers who have learned the rules by muffing the game, these courses vary only slightly. Here and there a wise young college instructor aids his students materially in the writing of short stories by admitting at the start that the writing of short stories cannot be taught. In general, however, the schools solve the mystery by the proffer of a formula. The formula is almost too familiar to bear repetition—plot and climax and setting and ending and other externalities—a very rusty old master-key that has turned few locks of other than commercial and academic manufacture since the days of Poe, yet grasped by many, many fumbling hands.

Even university courses, however, are not quite within the reach of all; and therefore, for those still lowlier ones who yet ache with the certainty that *they* can be writers, means more accessible must be provided. A glance through the advertisements of nearly any magazine, the more popular the better, will discover these means. "Short Stories Wanted," the advertisements proclaim. "Learn To Be A Writer," they urge, and "Learn To Be An Artist" with just a trifle less conviction, on the same pages where they declare that the profession of detective is now open to all and that anybody can learn to play the banjo in twenty lessons. I doubt if the results of any other social research could be more illuminating than those culled from a house-to-house and office-to-office canvass of all the barbers, housewives, ten-year-old boys, Adventist ministers, dish-washers, and all manner of the halt and the lame who are spending a portion of their pittances for the twelve lessons that will teach them, by correspondence, how to become great authors in the privacy of their own homes. The cynicism of the instructors is generally a match for the naïveté of the pupils, and so the business grows.

THE go-getting methods advocated by the professional writers' magazines are at bottom quite as simple as those of the correspondence critics or the university instructors. Tips on the literary market no doubt form the most popular feature of these magazines—that "The Engine World" will welcome fourteen-line verse fillers about gasoline, and that "The Ladies' Magazine" wants old-fashioned love stories; but tips on how to go about it to become a great author, tips on the filing of rejection slips and the proper approach to editors—any one of which may prove to be just that little thing that will do the business—are read and written with the most optimistic diligence. The magazines will inform the ever-hopeful practitioners that Mary Rollins Ribble hires an office; that Millie Potter Smith writes all her stories on the kitchen table; that Charles Archibald Biggs builds all his plots from newspaper clippings. Lauribel Hopkins Reed worked eight hours a day for seven years before she finally landed a two-hundred-word idea for a Hallowe'en party with "The Cookery Book" and found that she had begun to arrive. They play to the American belief that a will must always find a way by their assurance that anybody can be a writer if he will everlastingly keep at it.

BUT the "confession" magazines that now submerge the news-stands and lie frowzily upon the tables of every beauty parlor and barber-shop have placed the possibility of simple authorship within the grasp of those lowliest ones of all, to whom the plot formula of the schools would be so much Greek and to whom even filing cabinets and addressed envelopes might offer professional difficulties. For to land among these much-thumbed pages it is no longer necessary to make up a story at all! The yearning aspirants need only tell the awful truth. Here, as with tinting postal cards and using a home knitting machine, no experience is needed. These magazines are the present-day slums of our literature, from which—who knows?—any poor girl may rise to the eminence of a Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Now, however, with characteristic energy, thousands of aspirants have hit upon a still simpler scheme, which, discarding all expensive and indirect outside advice, goes straight to the source. They apply to the authors themselves. For who, if not an author, can supply that master-key? The literary lecturer may flatter himself that the listening

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audience of women has been drawn there by its burning interest in his book now on sale in the lobby, but he will find that the eager ones who surround him when the lecture is over have one great question to ask—How do you do it? "I have not yet had time to read your works," writes the literary member of the Woman's Club who is to review his recently published novel "Headlights" at the next meeting, "but I want a little information about yourself and your methods of writing:

"Do you keep regular office hours or do you wait for the inspiration?

"Do you write from eight to twelve, or 1:15 to 5:20, or only at midnight?

"Exactly how do you gather your material?

"Do you prefer yellow paper?

"Do you write your works out by hand or upon the typewriter?"

For the personal method, inaugurated —fittingly—by that first determined little lady in American journalism, holds in literature as well as in the "Success" magazines. The supposition is always the same: if only some one can be made to explain exactly how he has twisted his key, then why cannot any one do it?

Authorship in America is for the rich as well as the poor, for the otherwise celebrated as well as for the average man and the plain citizen; and these are trying the slickest master-key of all. The multitude of society women, retired millionaires, opera singers, actors, champions, doctors, globe-trotters, and motion-picture stars who burst into fluent print would seem to flatter the current conviction that "*I* could write if only"—were it not for the suspicion that the key is turned by shadowy hands. "Be A Writer," urge the advertisements. "Earn One Hundred Dollars." But in that easy Eldorado of authorship the hundred dollars must often be won by devious means, and by none more mute and inglorious than that paid literary mediumship for the celebrated which is appropriately known as "ghosting." Yet even this method, although it ranks in æsthetic dignity somewhat below the bottom level of the confessions themselves, may be viewed as at least an ironic evidence that this profession of authorship is held in some esteem in America. It is a sign that we are trying to get artistic in our fashion.

IT is that fashion which is misunderstood or ignored altogether. For it is, of necessity, a new fashion in certain of its aspects, old as I believe it to be in its essential quality; and a fashion in keeping with that new civilization of whose easy externalities alone most of us, both native children and foreign discoverers, are yet thoroughly aware. For better or for worse, the principle of democracy is rooted in this new civilization. We must at least be able to believe that what is possible for one can be possible for all. This may, as our discoverers predict and our impatient young people despairingly proclaim, serve only to debase the character of art; but it is quite as likely to serve to put the production of a National art upon the only basis possible to the form of civilization upon this continent. We are not so standardized as our commentators, by their theories, typical instances, and conceptions would try to make us. Our external standardization is a hasty bridging of mighty gaps. In a more fundamental sense, profusion and variety are the very essence of America. In the bewildering confusion of our sanguine search for the master-key we may be laying the large foundations for the production of that National art which is, after all, a form of æsthetic standardization. That search itself, ludicrous as many of its manifestations are, has—when observed at all—been taken as a sign of indifference and obtuseness to immaterial values; but it may be interpreted quite as easily as evidence of the optimistic innocence which is still the prime characteristic of the American people.

For to understand American culture one must also understand the American continent from which it grows, not merely the structures of wood and steel which have been put upon the surface of that continent and which are all too apt to obscure the general vision—understand the boundless profusion, the bewildering abundance of natural resources, the trust and hope of which "the sky forms the limit." As a people we have not yet discovered the boundaries of our own limitations, although certain thoughtful ones among us have begun to discern that limitations may exist. Nor must the cynicism of these thoughtful ones be taken too seriously. It expresses itself with characteristic American exuberance. When it perceives that everything is not possible, it must say at once that nothing is possible. The very extravagance of our cynicism is but the reverse side of our equally extravagant optimism. We can admit only millennium or failure.

THAT partially observant observer, M. Siegfried again, informs us by the title of his book that our civilization has come of age. But the content of the book makes it clear that only in its material aspect has M. Siegfried discovered this extremely recent maturity. He has failed to discern either the scattered—although not negligible—attainments and the still unattained impulses which constitute its culture. It is a mistake to look upon that culture as both an accomplished and a non-existent fact. Sherwood Anderson, himself an exemplification of that culture quite as truly as William Jennings Bryan or Henry Ford, has furnished us with a more illuminating title, when, in an article less detailed but rather more searching than M. Siegfried's large book, he greeted his Nation with the apt salutation, "Hello, Big Boy!" Our French guest, in his greeting, assumes that this big boy, who has suddenly changed his voice and shot up to six feet four, who drives his car with expert speed and wants a saxophone for his birthday, is a man in heart and mind. It is a common mistake in the treatment of big boys. Meanwhile, the heart and mind of the big boy are apt to be in an uncomprehended turmoil.

He is an impatient big boy. Whatever he wants, he must have immediately, hot off the bat—art as well as other things. Proud of his strength and his ingenuity, mentally he is still almost torturingly aware of his immaturity. He is a spoiled boy, and a precocious boy in some respects. Things have come to him too easily. But he is an eager and a persistent boy, and he suffers from the very excess of his still unconcentrated mental energy; the kind of boy of whom his elders say, "He must always be at something, always be doing." But the splendor of impatience may settle into the wry defeats and half-frustrated triumphs of the patient way, as young impatience has always done. Then this boy will have reached his maturity.

MEANWHILE, what are all these barbers, club women, millionaires, and print-struck children doing? What is a National art or a National literature to them? Nothing at all, to most of them. They are after easy money, no doubt, and easy eminence, if they have any conception of what they are about. But this admission—or supposition—is not so damning as it sounds. The creative impulse, like other human impulses, is seldom pure and undefiled; and art itself, being unpredictable, has a way of springing up in unsuspected places. It has already sprung up out of the rough

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Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Postman

THERE is a young postman in New York who has plenty to think about as he makes his rounds. He can think about his father, for instance, who was a clever detective, but not clever enough to get out of the way of a bullet; who had got the thieves he was after, all right; but they had given him his! Or he could think about his mother, who was forever wondering how there would be money enough. Or he could be thinking about his brothers and sisters, all younger than himself, and all to be educated, clothed, and somehow fed, on what he could earn as a mail-carrier.

It was probably these different things on his mind that made him forget for a moment the things on his back. He remembered soon enough. Where was that package? The registered one with seals on it? The young postman retraced his steps. The package was not on the pavement. It had not been kicked beyond the curb—it was nowhere lying in the street. There was only one hope. It might not be so valuable, after all.

But the Post Office authorities informed the young postman with brief indifference that the package had contained a watch and a bracelet, and the value was eleven hundred dollars. It was up to the postman, it seemed, to make good the loss.

Now the young man had even more to think about. He could not find the package, and where was he going to find eleven hundred dollars? If a fellow had found it, by any chance, would he be likely to look it up in the newspapers? The trustful postman took his story to the newspapers.

It appears there was another young man in New York who had plenty to think about. He too, had got into trouble, but trouble of a different kind. It concerned a girl, and, as far as this young man could see, flight was the better part of valor. He was in a desperate hurry to leave New York behind him, and luck dropped a package at his feet. The package held a watch and a bracelet, good for the loan of car-fare at any pawn-shop. The young man found a pawn-shop, and then, unfortunately, bought a newspaper. There was a story on the front page that troubled his conscience. Well, he had to get out of this burg, and he had the money in his pocket. He had the pawn-ticket too. That gave him the big idea. Before leaving town he sat down and wrote a letter to the postal authorities.

Twenty-five dollars was a large amount to the young postman to pay for the redemption of a pawn-ticket, but he paid it with a light heart. It would give him something pleasant to think about as he made his rounds.

Red

ONE day this winter a young colored boy in New Jersey was making good time along the railroad track. The stretch of track was familiar to him. He knew that short cut well; he knew every train that rushed over those gleaming rails; even the ties, gnarled, straight, weather-beaten, new, were familiar to him. He was making good time, but he stopped as suddenly as though the track before his eyes had become a snake, ready to strike. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. The track was broken—why there was a whole chunk of it clean gone! The little Negro straightened up and looked about wildly. He knew there was a train coming now. Any minute that old express would come thundering down these tracks—hundreds of people looking out of the windows. The little darky gave a leap and was off down the countryside. Down yonder, next that field, there was a house. He reached it like a deer. He didn't wait to knock—he didn't even wait to shout. He burst in through the nearest door and saw it—the color red. That kitchen table-cloth sprang to his roving eyes like a bird from the bushes. He was out of the house again, dragging it behind him. Down the frozen road, stooping to grab up a stick as he ran, the little darky reached the track again and the broken rail. He could hear that engine coming—he could see the smoke around the bend. With his heart pounding and his breath tearing at him, he stood in the middle of the track, and waved the red table-cloth.

The engineer caught the signal—a red banner floating from a stick—and put on the brakes with a jar and a thud. The crew swarmed down and hurried up the track. But when they reached the broken rail, they couldn't find much to say. "Smart kid," said one of them solemnly. And the word got around. "Smart kid," said the crew one after another, and they wiped their foreheads, and sent for a section gang.

Discovery

LESS than a year ago a Broadway cabaret dancer fell in love. She was only twenty, and life was a light-hearted affair, in spite of the struggle to earn one's living. Love was one more straw to clutch at. Maybe it would bring you happiness; may be it wouldn't. Every day you took a chance somehow—that was Life.

Well, she was crazy about this man—crazy enough to get married. She had him going, too. Nobody had ever felt that way about her before, or looked at her like that, or tried to say the things that wrenched themselves loose from this boy. They were married, and they owned the world.

It was a strange door that they had stumbled through. They had been too busy, living by hook and crook, to dream of romance. This was a new country to be discovered, a country of glamour and love and excitement. Here they drank a new wine together. They had no maps and wanted none.

How the tragedy came about is another story: how these two reached Canada, under what circumstances a taxi driver was found dead, in what manner these lovers were held responsible for his murder, and the evidence by which they were convicted. But a despatch from Montreal the other day tells about a correspondence new in the annals of death-houses.

These two, sentenced to the gallows, still live in their fabled land. "I pray every day," he writes her, "that you will not have to die. I cannot bear the thought that you must die." She writes in return: "I pray only that I can die with you. To be a convict with you dead is not to go on living. There is no life without you." To two young people so reckless it makes little difference that their love letters written every day are read by others.

Those in the prison, the keepers and those in authority, say that these lovers have turned to religion; and that approaching death has made them serious at last.

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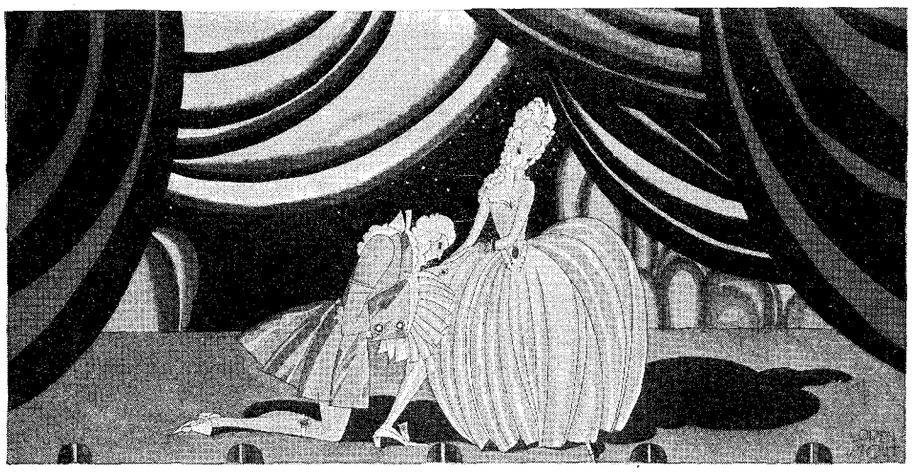
Lights Down: A Review of the Stage



PEOPLE who think that Fundamentalism in religion is something to be politely amused at, and who consider Tennessee evolution trials merely funny, are hereby advised to go and see "Rope," the dramatization of T. S. Stribling's "Teeftallow," now playing at the Biltmore Theatre.

Perhaps the lives of teamsters who work in small mountain towns along railroads are never particularly uplifting; nor is the peculiar mixture of ignorance and religious fanaticism that seems to be the human blend in the Tennessee hill country—if Mr. Stribling is to be believed, and we think he is—apt to be characteristic of this country at its best. But as portrayed on the Biltmore stage the other night, the story of "Rope" is as strong an argument against uncontrolled religious emotion as we have ever seen.

Its story is simple. It concerns merely the adventures of one Abner Teeftallow, unschooled teamster, who works on the railroad in Irontown, Tennessee, is leader of the garage gang, is caught up by passion for a country girl who lives in the same boarding-house that he does, and is played upon, as are his companions, by an ignorant revivalist and an unscrupulous railroad contractor. It is a sordid tale in a way, because the human passions are fairly close to the surface; Abner Teeftallow is forced in the end by religious public opinion to marry the girl with whom he has become intimate. Hypocrisy, conscious and unconscious, characterizes the actions of everybody in town. And the revivalist spirit, which can so easily translate one's own desires into the will of God, passes from bad to worse in this heterogeneous community, takes hold even of the garage gang, and presents finally the spectacle of the mob, each one of which is no better than he should be, setting itself up as the guardian of the town's morals, dragging men from jail and lynching them, beating and stripping Negroes and women, and ending by turning on its leader at the critical moment of his life.

Few moments in the theatre can equal the one in which the mob drags the squealing, shrieking, unshaven Peck Bradley from jail and hangs him in the light of a street lamp, with the shadow of his corpse swinging on the houses. Few plays we have ever seen have given us so much the impression of actual life, distasteful and possibly one-sided though the impression may be.

So tensely, indeed, do the actualities hold the spectator that the flaws in the play only slightly mar the effect. People walk in and out without the slightest reason. Emotions flare to full height without palpable reason and without any warning. The whole thing seems jerky and thrown together and absurdly melodramatic. But the reality of the characters in the story is impossible to resist. And so the play gets over.

Any one who has read the book will realize instantly that the novel has been used as a basketful of material from which to pick good dialogue and dramatic situations, without regard for the actual unfolding of the tale as Mr. Stribling originally wrote it. But the dramatists have left untouched the main idea and have bent all their energies to sincerely presenting it, using everything they could from the book to strengthen the effect they were after. And the result is an extraordinarily exciting evening in the theatre.

Overdrawn it may appear, and at moments, almost laughable. Maybe it is. But we have it, on unimpeachable authority, that Southern hill people do act precisely as in the manner portrayed, and to us the play seemed extraordinarily close to life.

Certainly we have been unable, since, to picture any of the actors as anything except Tennessee hill men and women—with the exception of Crane Wilbur as Ditmas, the Yankee engineer, who tries to play the fairy godfather to Abner and his girl (although Ditmas loves her) and who ends up by taking to drink. This may be a flaw in the playwright's work—or in Mr. Wilbur's. We don't know. But his speeches were the only moments when we felt that some one was presenting a fiction character.

For the rest, we felt ourselves transplanted to Irontown, Tennessee, in back of the Scovell boarding-house and opposite the town's blind pig. The game of life involved us so that momentarily we saw precisely how in any community of this sort the game must be played: the law, a thing to be cleverly beaten and dodged; the Bible, a book of catch phrases to be snatched at and quoted, in conscious or unconscious hypocrisy, as the justification of one's actions; passion, a thing to be sneered at or ignored, and when brought into the open to be plastered with mud; fear of one's neighbors a thing always to be taken into account; and the mob's approval or disapproval the main principle of existence—with any attempt at personal truth completely ignored, and, if followed, dangerous and fatal.

Even idealism, of the purest sort, seemed to us suddenly to fall under suspicion because of the base uses to which ignorant religion could put it. All the human race seemed suddenly enveloped in superstition, blind emotion, fear, and unstable purposes and motives.

Is this a true picture of humanity in the Tennessee hills?

Frankly, we don't know. We hope not. But we should say "Rope" is a play which ought to make every good American wonder just how far it may be a true picture of all of us, in varying degree.

F. R. B.

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Music and Musicians

Much Ado About Helena

By EUGENE BONNER

MR. GATTI-CASAZZA'S announcement last week of the novelties for next season at the Metropolitan Opera House was of more than usual interest for two reasons, the first being that there was, as usual, no new work by an American composer on the list (although a "Jazz-Opera" by a foreigner which has been a failure abroad is to be shown us!), and, secondly, that a new opera by Richard Strauss, "Die Aegyptische Helena," a new version of the Helen of Troy legend, would be done with Maria Jeritza in the title rôle.

As to the situation in regard to the native composer, it is well-nigh hopeless, and will continue to be so as long as a foreign general manager and his henchmen continue to dictate to an American public what they shall or shall not hear of the work of their compatriots. The directors of the opera company (and a goodly portion of the public) listen credulously to honeyed phrases of regret spooned out to them over the impossibility of finding an American opera. Perhaps the American composers who have tried to get a fair and proper hearing for their works there could tell another story.

In regard to the Strauss opera, quite an amusing little war seems to have been going on. A couple of weeks ago that not exactly reticent *artiste* the Baroness Popper, alias Maria Jeritza, announced, somewhat enthusiastically, that Strauss had written the opera especially for her, but that, owing to various and sundry complications as to priority in the Vienna and Dresden *premières,* she had "yielded her rights" and that the world *première* would take place in Dresden with "an interpreter in the title rôle still to be announced."

Now as the new Strauss-Hofmannsthal opera promises to be, without exception, the most interesting event of the year in the musical world, we thought it would be interesting to procure as best we could what information concerning it there was to be had, and, as Madame Jeritza had already had her say, we appealed to the "interpreter in the title rôle still to be announced," who, as anybody informed in such matters could have told you, was none other than that very fine artist, Elisabeth Rethberg, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, for her version of the affair, and, according to her, the state of things is as follows:

In 1924, previous to the preparations for his new opera "Intermezzo," Strauss,

Photograph by Fernand de Gueldre

ELISABETH RETHBERG

Who will create the rôle of Helen of Troy in Richard Strauss's new opera

through Dr. Ruecker, general manager of the Dresden state theatres, invited Mme. Rethberg to create the leading rôle in that work. This Mme. Rethberg was unable to do, owing to her contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company and the fact that she was to open the season here in "Aïda" the same month that the *première* of "Intermezzo" was due to take place in Dresden.

Three years later, in the early part of the summer of 1927, Mr. Fritz Busch, music director of the Dresden Opera, visited Richard Strauss at his estate in the Bavarian Alps as the opera "Egyptian Helen" was approaching completion. Strauss promised the *première* to Dresden if his severe conditions in regard to the production would be met. Now one of these conditions was that he should have the deciding vote in the casting of the opera on that occasion. Mr. Busch told him that everything possible would be done this time by the Dresden Opera to secure Mme. Rethberg for the rôle of Helena, to which plan Mr. Strauss gave his heartiest approval and support, and it was agreed that the new opera should be the *pièce de résistance* of the international opera festival to be held in Dresden the end of June, 1928.

Last September, however, certain individuals of influence in Vienna endeavored to persuade Mr. Strauss to change his mind and give the world *première* of "Aegyptische Helena" to that city, various candidates for the title rôle being put forward, among them Maria Jeritza and the beautiful Lotte Lehmann.

Complicated negotiations between the directors of the Vienna and Dresden operas and Strauss and von Hofmannsthal resulted in the proposal that the opera be given simultaneously in Dresden and Vienna! The director of the Dresden opera submits this compromise to Mme. Rethberg, then in Berlin (October last). Mme. Rethberg refuses to sing under the circumstances, emphasizing the fact that she will create the rôle of Helena in Dresden only on condition that the world *première* takes place there *prior* to any other city, and not on the same day as its *première* in Vienna.

In the meantime Mr. Busch, who is to conduct the opera in Dresden, being in New York, cables the general manager of the Dresden opera that either the sole world *première* would take place in Dresden with Mme. Rethberg, or the work wouldn't be given there at all!

At the present writing Dresden is the victor and Strauss has definitely announced that the world *première* of "Egyptian Helen" will take place at the Dresden State Opera House on June 6, with Elisabeth Rethberg in the part of Helen of Troy, while Vienna falls into line with Maria Jeritza for the second production (performance, *première,* or what you will!) a few days later, June 11, to be exact.

"What is truth?" asked Pilate, and we would ask the same question; but, truth or no truth, question or no question, the fact remains that everybody who can beg, borrow, or steal a ticket for the occasion will be on hand June 6 in Dresden for the first performance on any stage of "Die Aegyptische Helena"!

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Mother Machree"

ELLEN McHUGH was a young Irish matron living happily in a cottage in Ballymoney, when a storm came along and drowned her sea-going young husband.

After his death she and her little boy, Brian, started for America to seek their fortune. On the road to the seaport they fell in with an Irish circus giant and his two cronies, a harpist and a dwarf.

Arrived in the promised land, Ellen McHugh found the sledding pretty hard, and things were beginning to look dark for her and Brian when the Irish giant arrived on these shores. Promptly, he got himself a circus job, and got one for Ellen McHugh, as well.

She was engaged to represent a legless lady in a side-show, and all went well until the pupils of the fashionable school where she had put little Brian were taken one day to the circus. The head mistress recognized Ellen, and issued an ultimatum: No side-show freak should have a son in *her* school; Ellen must remove him or renounce him.

She chose the latter course, for Brian's sake, and permitted Miss Van Studdiford, the schoolma'am, to adopt Brian. He was to be told that his mother was dead, and Ellen never saw him again until eighteen years later, when he appeared as a suitor for the hand of Edith Cutting.

Now Ellen was Edith Cutting's old nurse; and she fixed things up for Brian, without ever letting him know her identity. In the end, when war came along, Miss Van Studdiford relented and gave Brian up to his mother.

The picture is from the megaphone of John Ford, who made "The Iron Horse" and "Four Sons." Belle Bennett plays Ellen McHugh very acceptably. Philippe de Lacy, the best child actor since Jackie Coogan, is Brian, the child; Neil Hamilton is Brian, the man. Victor McLaglen has a small part as the giant who became a New York police sergeant, and the upshot is a good, sentimental, unobjectionable picture which we think you'll like.

"The Showdown"

THE effects of a sub-tropical climate on white folks have been notoriously bad over a long period of novels, short stories, plays, and movies.

One might say that for every Nordic sojourner who has been helped onto the skids by transequatorial weather, a novelist, story writer, playwright, or scenarist has been benefited no end.

The upshot of it all is that stories about moral dissolution in the tropics have got to be pretty good, or they don't get by any more. "The Showdown," which deals with the adventures of a far-flung oil operator, isn't nearly good enough.

George Bancroft is the featured player, and Evelyn Brent, Neil Hamilton, Fred Kohler, and others take part in the perspiring. Mr. Bancroft, as always, is satisfying, but he doesn't save the picture from dullness. Early subtitles made it more than plain that Mr. Bancroft was going to knock Mr. Kohler's teeth out; but he didn't.

It was disappointing.

"Finders Keepers"

LAURA LA PLANTE is given the opportunity in this film to wear a uniform the pants of which are so much too large for her that they keep falling down. Miss La Plante is perhaps the prettiest blonde in Hollywood, and her grimaces of distress at the repeated failure of her nether garments to stay put are very fetching for the first six or seven times.

Miss La Plante impersonates a Colonel's daughter who is in love with a soldier. Although her father is in command of the cantonment, she can't get by the sentries to seek out her boy chum and marry him before he leaves for France.

So she disguises herself in a friendly soldier's clothes (he, of course, putting on her dress), and finds herself in ranks about to be inspected by her own father. Somewhere in through here her pants begin to come down, and keep on doing so until it isn't funny any more.

Then the boys all leave for France, and the wedding is only partly solemnized, owing to Miss La Plante falling off the train in the middle of the ceremony. After a while the boys come back from France and the nuptials are happily completed.

If such back-breaking efforts to be comical hadn't been thought advisable, this might have been a pretty fair picture.

"The Smart Set"

THE Messrs. Metro, Goldwyn, and Mayer had better look out. The first thing they know audiences will stop laughing at William Haines's ridiculous antics and begin throwing things at the screen.

Perhaps this is an unwarrantably hopeful view-point, but we'll adhere to it nevertheless. We refuse to believe that citizens of the country which produced Charles A. Lindbergh will stand many more William Haines pictures—no, not even though a New York audience howled with delight at "The Smart Set," which is No. 5 of the series.

They've all been exactly alike: "Brown of Harvard," "Tell It to the Marines," "Slide, Kelly, Slide," "West Point," and this latest thing; and in each one Mr. Haines has been more riotously nauseating and the plot less plausible.

One feels sorry for Jack Holt, having to be mixed up in such a terrible picture as "The Smart Set," but, for that matter, there's no more reason to pity him than to pity William Haines himself. This young man is an unusually competent actor and the possessor of a pleasing personality.

He has now been definitely catalogued, however, as a young American Pain-in-the-Neck who gets what's coming to him in a far from satisfying way. Mark our words—the audiences before long will insist that he begin to get sat on in the opening reel and stay sat on thereafter.

When that happy day arrives, William Haines pictures will be a thing of the past. Here's to it.

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Natural Religion

(*Continued from page 459*)

than is commonly supposed. The boys who are destroyed are usually what are called 'mothers' boys,' pious, highly idealistic, intelligent, and most promising. It is extremely dangerous in our American civilization for a parent to put a morbid stigma on sex in any child's mind, since the social and religious tabu is already so heavy."

The same thing is true of the egotistic impulses. A normal egotism is the backbone of character and the mainspring of achievement. It is easily stigmatized in the child's mind as a part of the Evil Self, and where this stigma is made entirely shameful a perverted egotism is produced—a perverted egotism that delights in self-inflicted miseries, or masks unconscious cruelties as moral aims, or secretes intolerable self-hatreds which drain off disguised as righteous indignations, or conceals in hypocrisies the most diabolic ends. Such perverted egotisms not only destroy the health and happiness of the individual himself; they make him a curse to every one around him and a menace to the social comfort of the community in which he lives.

THE natural religion of the child is perfectly expressed in the symbol of the Holy Family—a trinity of father, mother, and child, with the mother acting as an intercessor and the father as a stern judge. Prayer, then, is the child's teasing of his parents to obtain his desires, and it is primitively addressed to the interceding mother. In a natural religion, the child, to escape responsibility for his impulse to disobey, blames that impulse on a personal devil who is at war with God. And when he yields to temptation he is relieved of his sin by a religious rite in which he can confess and repent and obtain forgiveness from some one deputed to act as an accredited agent of the divine father.

"All the attempts of the revolutionists to abolish religion," says the psychiatrist, "are as absurd as the attempts to abolish sex. The Russian Bolshevists will fail today as the French Jacobins failed a hundred years ago. Man is born religious because he is born dependent. The happy and healthy growth and development of the normal child will be promoted by the wise education of his religious impulses just as his health and his happiness are insured by a sane control and direction of his sexual impulses. In both cases intelligence can be successfully used to direct nature, but intelligence is powerless to defeat nature. The intellect cannot repeal a natural law, whether it be the law of gravity or a law of human life."

James A. Reed—Fighter

(*Continued from page 457*)

speech. He has written no state papers, no histories, no treatises upon the art of government.

During my time in Washington Reed has been, I think, the only Senator, save John Sharp Williams, who when he spoke always said something that would compel attention. Williams was always better to listen to. But Reed is sometimes better to read than was Williams.

Among Presidential candidates, actual and potential, Reed is the only man, save Vice-President Dawes, whose reading has been broad enough to give him the full mind. Dawes has explored into remote corners which Reed has never discovered, but Reed has been the more assiduous cultivator of the open field of literature.

The fact shows in Reed's speeches. While he almost never quotes and rarely falls into allusion, the influence of the old masters is in his speech. He slashes with the broadsword. He cuts with the keen point of the rapier. Irony and sarcasm are his side-arms. All weapons are his own. And he uses them all with the nice deliberateness of an expert golfer selecting his club. Speaking slowly—so slowly that but for the sureness it would be exasperating—he finds always the word that exactly meets his need.

These weapons Reed took with him when he went home to Missouri after the League of Nations fight, as unpopular a man as ever returned to the people who had chosen him to represent them. The State was filled with Rid-Us-of-Reed Clubs. The State organization was against him. The National Administration was against him. The State Convention refused to allow him to go to the National Convention as a delegate from the State at large. When he had won a place as a district delegate, the National Convention refused to admit him. No man was ever more completely kicked out of his party.

Two years later Reed went on the stump, and by his power with words compelled the Democrats of Missouri to return him to the Senate.

Today Reed is swinging through the western half of the country trying to do on a National scale what six years ago he did on a State scale. If he could induce all the people to sit down and listen to him, he might possibly succeed. But the Nation is big—forty-eight times as big, counting by divisions, as Missouri. He cannot go to the people of the United States at their crossroads stores and, fitting his words to their mark as Robin Hood fitted his arrows, split the peeled wand. The chances of failure, therefore, are greater than the chances of success.

If he should succeed between now and the Houston Convention, and then succeed again after the Convention with enough Republicans to make a majority —which is over many ifs—we should inaugurate James A. Reed President of the United States.

AND what sort of President should we have? Well, we should have a President of intellect; a President of honesty; a President of courage; a President, perhaps, the most reactionary in our history, and yet, perchance, as constructive as any.

Here is his platform:

Local self-government and the sovereignty of the States must be preserved —restored.

The march of centralization must be arrested.

Government by boards and bureaucracies must cease.

The burden of taxation must be equalized.

All laws creating special privileges must be repealed.

Honest business must be liberated from oppressive interference by Governmental agents.

The ballot must be made secure and pure.

Prohibition is not an issue.

Reed maintains the validity of that last plank with as much force as he maintains any of the others. He has always been personally wet—even to the extent of supporting Wilson in his veto of the Volstead Act.

If Reed were President, there would be retrenchment in Washington which would go beyond clipping the corners off of appropriations. Commissions, bureaus, and even departments would probably go by the board—if the President could have his way.

But there is the rub. Could he work with men in the way that is necessary for a President to work in order to get results?

The caustic critic of literature has rarely been able to produce literature. One wonders whether a man, the larger part of whose public life has been devoted to caustic criticism of government, could produce government.

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By W. R. BROOKS

WE have been looking at an exposition of *l'art décoratif et la peinture moderne française* at Lord & Taylor's. We will leave the *peinture* one side, since we don't feel competent to guide you among its sharp angles and *bizarreries*. But anybody can express an opinion on a table or a desk or a chair that he himself might have to eat, work, or sit on, and so we shall express ours.

And here are some of the doubts that occur to us. Do these things constitute a new period in the decorative arts? Can any authentic "new period" be really important, and at the same time as self-conscious as this seems in some of its aspects? Have the artists responsible for these things been actuated solely by the desire to make something beautiful, or has fear of tradition made them concentrate too exclusively on doing something different? Are they trying to express the spirit of the age, or are they seeking solely to escape from the spirit of past ages?

Frankly, we dunno. It seems to us that some of these men are a little too conscious of being modern, instead of just being it and expressing it as naturally as they breathe. They are panting ahead of the times, the strain is apparent in some of their work, and they run the danger of turning around some day and looking back to find that the procession that they had supposed to be following enthusiastically upon their heels has turned down a side road a mile or so back, and is marching merrily away over the hills with drums beating and banners flying.

This isn't to say that there aren't some fine things in the collection, or that the collection itself isn't a fine thing. You can't fail to be interested and stimulated by it. These rooms in soft gray and silver and beige, the simplicity of the furniture and hangings, the convenience and comfort, must appeal to you. Of course it is hard to judge of a room just as a room, without reference to its occupants. Put a meeting of the West Side Ladies' Pedro Club in one of these rooms, and how would it affect you? But let's not go into that. . . .

You will notice that we haven't described any of these creations of Chareau and Ruhlmann, of Sue and Rodier and Jourdain and D. I. M.—to name a few of them. We aren't going to. We could give you no adequate picture. We would like to draw some of them for you, but the editor still sticks to his ridiculous prejudice that our drawings are, as he coldly phrases it, not so hot. We can only hope that you have yourself seen some of the modern stuff that Europe is sending us in increasing quantities. Certainly you have seen pictures of it.

From the practical standpoint, there is much to praise. The chairs are low and comfortable. The tables may look funny to you, but they hold what they are intended to hold adequately and reachably. The lights really give light—and usually in the right place. There is a desk of wrought iron and rosewood by Chareau. It stands on three legs, and is really nothing but an arrangement of heavy shelves at various heights and angles, yet it is one of the most practical desks we have seen. There is a bedside table which has wheels instead of feet and travels along a rail affixed to the wall, so that it may be drawn to any position over the bed. When you want to go to sleep, you give the table a push and it comes to rest as a wall desk, where you can use it in the daytime.

In many of the things, too, tradition has not been entirely thrown overboard—particularly in the work of Sue and Ruhlmann. There is a large, low, heavy red-lacquer coffee table by the former, perhaps ten inches high, which, as far as design goes, might have come straight from some classical villa.

What we are wondering is—when mass production in America gets busy turning out these things by the thousand, what are our American homes going to look like? These modern rooms are lovely as they are, but prop up a photo of Aunt Minnie on the mantel and see what happens. The same thing will happen when one or two modern pieces are placed in a living-room whose furniture and decorations range from 1887 to 1916. We feel that it's going to be sort of too bad.

BY the way, we get a lot of letters every week from readers who want further information regarding various articles we have described in this department. We are glad to get these letters, because it gives us an index of what interests you. We are glad to give you the names of the manufacturers, or any information we have about the articles. In fact, we are tickled to death if we think we have interested you. We get the impression of a vast and eager audience breathlessly awaiting our lightest utterance. We got six letters this morning, and we felt so important that we thought we'd better ask the editor for a raise. Yes, and we're going to keep right on thinking about it.

Well, anyway, if you want to know anything about these things we talk about, write us. And also, if there is any new thing that you have seen, and about which you feel that you'd like to pass on information, tell us about it. Not that we want you to do our work for us. Oh, no; we love our work! But we are awfully grateful for suggestions, and, omniscient as we are, we can't possibly keep track of all the new and interesting things that come on the market.

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Business and Finance

Political Tinkering with Financial Markets

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE "Pass a Law" element in Congress, those earnest Senators and Representatives who believe that almost any ill can be cured by legislation, have been showing an increasing eagerness to tinker with the financial markets. The contagion, fortunately, has not spread far enough to cause alarm, but it bears watching. In the unlikely event that the present business slump is much prolonged, the danger may be more serious.

One of the legislative cures that has received most attention is the resolution offered by Senator La Follette which would direct the Federal Reserve Board to restrict the flow of money and credits to Wall Street and to recommend laws to reduce the present volume of loans to brokers. Others equally prominent are the resolutions and bills offered in both houses of Congress for the limitation or the abolition of trading in future cotton contracts.

Hearings before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee on the La Follette resolution have been completed, and it is reassuring to note that, although several of the expert witnesses expressed the conviction that the brokerage loan total was too high, not one thought that the condition could be remedied by law.

Credit is, and must be, a commodity extended to the bidders who make the most attractive offers. At present, agriculture, commerce, and industry are not doing much bidding. Consequently, when brokers with absolutely sound collateral ask for loans, they get them. It probably would be better for speculators in Wall Street if credit were not so abundant, but neither Congress nor the Federal Reserve System can upset the normal workings of the credit market and thereby jeopardize the whole structure of legitimate business in order to prevent speculators from getting hurt. The Reserve System has already hoisted a warning against further speculation by selling $150,000,000 worth of Government securities during the last four months and by raising its rediscount rates throughout the country from 3½ to 4 per cent. It may emphasize the warning by selling more Government securities, but it can do no more.

Another raise in the rediscount rate would undoubtedly cause enough liquidation in the stock market to reduce brokerage loans considerably, but such a move would be opposed, not only by all sound economists, for reasons too numerous to be mentioned here, but by the "Pass a Law" element itself. Senator Brookhart, one of La Follette's allies, has already suggested that the Federal Reserve System's rediscount rates be reduced to 3 per cent, so that cheap credit might be available to the farmer.

If the brokerage loan total is really too high, it is sure to be reduced before long as the result of competitive bidding by agriculture and business. If industrial activity increases substantially, its demands for credit will be imperative and the stock market will have to disgorge. If business wants credit at all badly, it is not particular about the price it pays and can easily outbid brokers and their customers.

Mr. La Follette's panacea has some elements of novelty, although it has a most familiar ring, but the proposals for the limitation or abolition of trading in future cotton or other commodity contracts have been brought forward almost perennially ever since contract trading began. Whenever prices fall, the planters complain that short sellers have been taking bread and butter out of their mouths. Whenever prices rise, it is the cotton manufacturers who do the complaining. Speculators, they contend, have pushed prices out of sight and injured their business.

Economists agree that, in the long run, speculation or trading in future contracts limits extreme fluctuations in prices. Speculators, with their expert knowledge of values, are always ready to buy future contracts for commodities, whether cotton or grain or sugar, whenever values seem lower than warranted by underlying conditions.

On the other hand, when they consider prices too high, short sellers come into the market and give a supply of contracts. On the decline these short sellers are buyers, and by their purchases they prevent prices from going as low as otherwise they would.

The future-contract system is an absolute essential both for manufacturing

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and producing interests. The great merchants to whom the producers sell and who handle millions of bushels of grain and hundreds of thousands of bales of cotton could not carry on their business if they were not given the privilege of protecting themselves in the contract market. When they make forward sales to manufacturers who have sold goods ahead, and the new crop has not yet moved, they protect themselves by purchases of new crop months. When cotton begins to move in volume, and there is no proportionate demand from spinners to take the output of the gins, merchants sell future contracts against their accumulations of actual cotton, and thus insure themselves against a decline in prices.

Thus in both instances the future-contract system is either directly or indirectly of benefit to manufacturer and cotton grower. The manufacturer by his contract with the merchant protects himself on his raw material, while, on the other hand, the cotton grower is able to sell his production at a fair price when the spinner is practically out of the market. This latter phase was strikingly illustrated last fall when manufacturers stubbornly kept out of the market and farmers sold their cotton at high prices because speculative buyers were willing to take the hedges sold by merchants at levels averaging well above 20 cents per pound.

It is to be questioned if any of the legislation relating to future contract trading either in grain on the Chicago Board of Trade or on the Cotton Exchanges of the country has been beneficial either to producer or consumer. The basis for numerous "squeezes" and "corners" has been laid by the United States Cotton Futures Act, passed several years ago, limiting the number of grades that could be delivered on contract. The administration of the United States Grain Futures Act tends to reduce the volume of trading, thus leaving a narrower market in which the execution of hedge sales exercises an influence on prices to the detriment of the producer.

To realize fully the impossibility of the enactment during the next eighteen months of any laws that would interfere with the free operation of our financial markets, it is necessary only to remember that Mr. Coolidge is in the White House, in full possession of the veto power. Such laws are utterly repugnant to his economic credo—and this is one of the reasons why the business community groaned when it heard from the Black Hills, "I do not choose to run."

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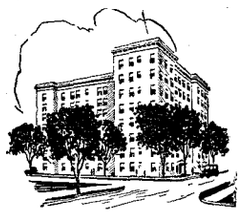

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Tell Me a Story[1]

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Frank W. Peers

SUCCESS looks so easy when it has been achieved. To his enthusiastic audiences Sir Harry Lauder, now on an American tour of Scotch song-singing, would seem to lead an easy and a miraculously profitable existence. But behind that sturdy bearing and boyish smile lies a lifetime of long up-hill climbing.

Oldest of seven children in a humble Scotch home, Harry can scarcely remember when he could not cook a meal, do a family washing, and act as nurse to the babies that arrived punctually, one a year, in the crowded Lauder cottage. He was only eleven when his father's sudden death left the family bewildered and penniless save for Harry's possible wage-earning and Mother's determination and wit. Man of the house now, the boy found work in the flax mill as a "half-timer"—mill one day and school the next, with an equally harsh taskmaster in each. Then for four hours every evening Harry and Mother sat in the kitchen, tearing old ropes and twine and hawsers into tow, till their fingers bled and the boy was half crying with ache and weariness. But the work had earned a few more precious pennies.

Yet for all the hardships there are happy memories. Mother, superstitious Highland lassie, was a great story-teller, scaring and thrilling her brood nearly to death of evenings with her tales of witches and spooks and outlandish doings. And there was Grandfather Henry Maclellan, for whom Harry was named, old now and frail, crouched over his Gaelic Bible in the "ingle-neuk," but

straightening up proudly to relate his adventures as a strapping young railroad engineer. What a doubting gray head that old Scotchman would have shaken had he been foretold that his namesake would win fame on two continents, and one day strangers across the ocean would read eagerly

The Robbers on the Road

As remembered by Sir Harry Lauder

MY grandfather was a great hero to me when I was a lad. You see, he drove the iron horse—yes, he was a railroad engineer—and many were the tales he told. One I have never forgot, though I was but a wee chap when I first heard it.

"When I was courtin' yer granny," my grandfather used to say, "I walked twelve miles every evenin' and back again, from Montrose to Arbroath, where she was livin' then."

And that after driving his engine all day! He was a great strapping fellow, my grandfather, a wonderful man.

One bright moonlight night he was walking along the road to Arbroath, with his great retriever dog trotting ahead. Grandfather always took Cæsar along for protection, and he kept a sharp watch for highway robbers, for there were plenty of them about in those days, and dangerous ones too.

Pretty soon my grandfather heard a noise in the bushes. Then a man came out and asked for a match.

"I have no matches," said Grandfather, for he wasn't going to be fooled into putting his hand in his pocket. He wanted to keep both hands free to use.

"What time is it, then?"

"I don't have a watch," said my grandfather, still keeping both hands outside his pockets.

"What?" said the man. "You don't have a match and you don't have a watch? Well, then," he said, "have you any money?"

"No!" said my grandfather, and with that he took the man in his two hands—and he had great powerful hands that would make the two of mine—and threw him back over his shoulder in the road. Then he started running as fast as he could, and whistling for Cæsar.

But Grandfather had run only a few hundred yards when he heard another noise in the bushes, and then another man came out.

"What were you doin' fightin' that man back there?" said the man.

"The same thing I'm doin' with you," said my grandfather, and with that he took the second robber in his two great powerful hands and threw him back over his shoulder in the road.

When he had gone a bit, he stopped and whistled for Cæsar. But Cæsar didn't come. He whistled again, but he had no answer. So then my grandfather sat down all alone in the road under the bright moonlight and waited, feeling sure poor Cæsar had been killed.

Presently he saw the dog coming, but very slowly. When he got nearer, Grandfather saw he was limping, and when Cæsar came close Grandfather saw that his great chest was all cut up with pen-knives where the robbers had stabbed him when he attacked them. The poor fellow's wounds were all matted with hair and bleeding terribly.

Cæsar was all of a hundredweight, and they were miles from Arbroath, but my

grandfather picked up the dog, threw him across his shoulder, and carried him all the way to Granny's house. Granny fetched her scissors and cold water, and Grandfather cut away the matted hair and bathed the wounds and dressed them, then he left poor Cæsar there in her care for a few days.

[1] The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

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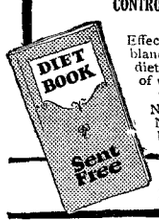

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"And," Grandfather used to say, "I walked back the same night!"

Yes, he walked the whole twelve miles to Montrose again, and up bright and early next morning too, driving his engine again! He was a wonderful fellow, my grandfather.

Maybe 'twas that evening he won Granny's heart, when she saw what a great strong, brave man he was.

Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 465*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"Escape," Booth.—Galsworthy's melodrama; an English gentleman, escaped from prison, plays hare to the constables' hounds in many exciting situations; Leslie Howard; what would you do if he took refuge with you?

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"Porgy," Republic.—Folk-play; Negro life along Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gorgeous thing, if simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

"The Queen's Husband," Playhouse.—Modern light comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Roland Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.

"Marco Millions," Guild Theatre.—Satirical comedy; O'Neill's beautiful spectacle of Marco Polo's trip to Venice and China; the immature West meeting the wisdom of the East.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

The Movies

(*See page 467*)

"The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands."—A British film; heartily recommended.

"Beau Sabreur."—The so-called sequel to "Beau Geste." Lots of sand, but no ginger.

"Chicago."—A meaty, amusing melodrama with a big performance by Phyllis Haver.

"The Circus."—Charlie Chaplin. Drop everything and go.

"The Crowd."—King Vidor's uncanny direction and James Murray's fine acting.

"The Divine Woman."—Greta Garbo is miscast in a faulty picture.

"Drums of Love."—D. W. Griffith is himself again.

"Four Sons."—A big Fox feature. Lots of fine work, lots of hokum.

"The Gaucho."—Douglas Fairbanks in an outsize picture.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Laughs and pretty girls and pretty vague.

"A Girl in Every Port."—Victor MacLaglen gets all balled up, and so does the plot.

"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson and the Vitaphone are thrilling; the picture isn't much.

"The Last Command."—The mighty Jannings, with a good story, good direction, and good support.

"The Last Moment."—Trick shots, lap dissolves, and little else.

"The Latest from Paris."—Norma Shearer in a harmless light comedy.

"Love Me and the World is Mine."—Directed by Dupont, who should know better.

"Rose Marie."—It was a nice operetta, but it's a punk picture.

"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore. Don't expect to see "Rain."

"Simba."—A fine wild animal picture. See it.

"Soft Living."—A nice enough little drama, with Madge Bellamy.

"The Student Prince."—A Lubitsch production, and a good one. Ramón Navarro, Norma Shearer, and Jean Hersholt.

"Sunrise."—The year's best picture.

"That's My Daddy."—Reginald Denny is always likable.

"Wings."—A splendid war picture, marred by the well-meant efforts of Clara Bow.

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A Grand Old Man

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

AN Englishman, Osbert Burdett, has now essayed to do for Gladstone[1] what the Frenchman André Maurois has done for Gladstone's great contemporary and rival, Disraeli—namely, to draw a pen portrait from which the observer may get a fair impression of the subject's character and inner impulses. This, of course, is the most elusive and difficult task in portraiture. On canvas only the greatest and rarest of painters have succeeded in doing it. Rembrandt, Raeburn, Velasquez, Ingres, and our own Sargent were men who had the rare gift of perceiving underlying traits of character and making them shine through the external lineaments of flesh and blood. There are few Rembrandts among the biographers. The despised Boswell is the real Rembrandt of them all. And if Don Quixote had been a living being, Cervantes might be called the Velasquez of literature. André Maurois has much of the insight of his fellow-countryman Ingres; but Osbert Burdett, in spite of the honesty and dignity of his work, can scarcely be classed with Raeburn or Sir Joshua Reynolds. Perhaps this is because Disraeli was, as the Italians say, *sympatica* to the Frenchman, while the Englishman, educated at Marlborough and Cambridge (where he took honors in history), and therefore doubtless of Tory predilections, finds Gladstone antipathetic.

In his preface Mr. Burdett frankly says that he has endeavored to draw "a partial portrait of a character" and quotes with approval Lord Morley's wise remark that posterity is more interested in knowing what Gladstone was than in what he did. But to say, as Mr. Burdett does, that Gladstone "never hesitated to claim almost divine sanction for whatever he proposed" and that "he disguised the changes in his attitude by a tone of unction and an art of qualification which seemed hypocritical and sophistical" is partial portraiture with a vengeance.

For forty years Gladstone's intellectual and political characteristics have been as antipathetic to me as they appear to be to Mr. Burdett, but I can at least see that the Prime Minister was something more than an unctuous hypocrite. It is a curious psychological phenomenon that an English Tory Churchman will calmly ignore ecclesiastical logic in an ultramontane like Cardinal Newman that makes him boil over with indignation when he finds it in an evangelical like Gladstone.

For forty years, I have just said, Gladstone's processes of reasoning have been antipathetic to me. The trouble began with the publication in 1888 of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere," a novel, now almost forgotten, which created as great a fervor in Church circles of that day as "Elmer Gantry" has in our time. "Robert Elsmere" was an attack, not on the morals, but on the intellectual despotism of the Church. Unlike "Elmer Gantry," it was a sincere and respectful endeavor to show that a man may lose his hold on the doctrines of traditional orthodoxy and yet maintain his faith in the great basic virtues of human beings and human society. I was living, a young newspaper reporter, in California at the time, and the book made a profound and stimulating impression on me. Not long after its publication Mr. Gladstone reviewed it in the "Nineteenth Century" in a long article which seemed to me full of specious reasoning, intellectual evasions, and ecclesiastical prejudice. It was a shock which I have never got over, for the man whom I had been taught to regard as the great champion of liberty had turned out to be an intellectual despot. If we had been living in the Middle Ages, he would have burned me at the stake. But I suppose I ought not to hold the memory of this article against Gladstone, since Mrs. Ward did not. On the contrary, she maintained a warm friendship for him to the day of his death.

Since the "Robert Elsmere" episode I have made it my business to study Gladstone's life and record with some care and to find out what really are his claims to my respect.

Gladstone was of Scottish ancestry. He was brought up in an atmosphere of very pious but very sincere Scotch evangelicalism. His mind and heart were saturated with the beliefs of traditional orthodoxy. He unquestioningly believed, not only that this world is a preparatory school for the next, but that the universe is a theocracy. When thirty years old, he wrote a book on Church and State which is as ultramontane as if it had come from Rome. At Eton and Oxford he had become a classical and theological scholar, an expert debater, and developed into one of the greatest and noblest orators of our times. If he had gone into the Church, he would have been a great preacher and a great bishop. If he had gone to Rome, he would have been a great cardinal. But, instead, he became a member of Parliament and made his maiden speech in that ancient assembly when not yet twenty-four years old.

The Government of England is, fortunately, a two-party Government, and Gladstone became both by conviction and habit a party man. Although his basic integrity and honor led him occasionally to rise superior to party, his temperament and training impelled him to defend both his Church and his party by reasoning that to men of simple intellectual honesty like John Bright, on the one hand, and Thomas Huxley, on the other, seemed specious and inconsistent. Huxley once said of him, "slowly and with sorrow:"

> That man has the greatest intellect in Europe. He was born to be a leader of men, and he has debased himself to be a follower of the masses. If workingmen were today to vote by a majority that two and two make five, tomorrow Gladstone would believe it, and find them reasons for it which they had never dreamed of.

Gladstone's greatest achievement in statesmanship was his persistent and indomitable fight for Home Rule, the final fruition of which he did not live to see, but which resulted in the establishment of the Irish Free State and, perhaps, in saving the British Empire from disintegration.

The worst piece of statesmanship in Gladstone's record was his failure, for reasons both pious and partisan, to properly support Chinese Gordon and Khartum in 1885. His vacillation resulted in the tragic death of Gordon. Of this event Lord Cromer says in his memoirs:

> Posterity has yet to decide on the services which Mr. Gladstone, during his long and brilliant career, rendered to the British nation, but it is improbable that the verdict of his contemporaries in respect to his conduct of

(*Please turn to continuation, page 478*)

[1] W. E. Gladstone. By Osbert Burdett. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney.
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. In this book widely divergent lives are brought to the same, simultaneous end, thus giving the author the opportunity to unite in a pattern otherwise unrelated character studies. It is a wise and moving account of the workings of God's providence, beautifully written. Its popularity speaks well for our discrimination as readers. Reviewed by Mary Shirley, January 4.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this fine comedy of manners. It is the story of two sisters. One makes a marriage of convenience into a true marriage; the other carries her marriage of passion into tragedy. Some characters from "The Duchess of Wrexe" reappear in a brilliant London setting. The dialogue, the satire, and the human sympathy are Walpole at his best.

"Red Rust," by Cornelia James Cannon. Little, Brown & Co. Reviewed in this issue.

"Deluge," by S. Fowler Wright. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. This is a bold romance of a world in which modern civilization has been washed away and the survivors of the human race thrown into primitive conditions. By its very violence it escapes fantasy and becomes terribly real. You will forget the minor defects of the book in the racing speed of the narrative.

"The Ugly Duchess," by Lion Feuchtwanger, translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. This story of mediæval Europe is told in the sober tones of realism. The Duchess, ugliest of women, tries to sink the woman in the ruler, and fails. The background, the breaking up of feudal society, is tremendously interesting. The story is stirring and powerful. Reviewed January 11.

Non-Fiction

Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. Those who enjoyed "Ariel" will want to read this and the change of subject from revolutionary poet to imperialistic statesman need not deter them. Disraeli, a romantic figure of an almost fictional type, is a happy choice for an imaginative biography. Maurois breathes life into the Victorian political figures. Reviewed by Lawrence F. Abbott, February 22.

'Count Luckner, the Sea Devil," by Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Doran & Co. This exciting story of the gallant German privateer of the World War, a figure of the everlasting romance of the high seas, makes good reading for adventure lovers. Reviewed January 4.

Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This, "the first successful attempt of drama to use the double voice," to carry on at once objective action and comment and subjective thought made audible, is a theft by the dramatist of some of the novelist's best thunder. The play is as good to read as to see; perhaps better for students of modern drama. Reviewed by Francis R. Bellamy in "Lights Down," February 22.

Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading for lots of Americans. We suggest that they follow it with "A Son of Mother India," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, E. P. Dutton & Co. Reviewed June 22.

he Companionate Marriage," by Judge Ben B. Lindsey. Boni & Liveright. Readers who have followed the discussion of this subject in the pages of The Outlook will be interested in Judge Lindsey's wise, sane, and documented exposition of his ideas.

An Epic Unachieved

IT is natural that the immigrant agricultural communities of the West should be a popular setting for contemporary novels. Out of hardship and fortitude, humble aspiration and lusty pleasure, picturesque foreign custom, shadowy homesickness, and pioneer faith, fine stories can be made. The stuff is rich, but it demands skillful fashioning. Cornelia Cannon's novel "Red Rust" is an example of strong material in weak, if bravely well-meaning hands.

The title is taken from a wheat blight. The story is that of Matts Swenson, Swedish immigrant's son in Minnesota, a mute, inglorious Burbank, who, with great natural gifts, vast perseverance, and the meager equipment of a copy of "The Origin of Species" and an agricultural journal, successfully dedicates his young life to the raising of rust-resistant wheat. Other people come in, but Matts is the core of the story. In his young manhood he befriends Lena, mistreated wife of Jensen, another immigrant, and mother of a brood which included an adolescent daughter and an epileptic son. Jensen is killed by a threshing-machine. Lena and her children marry Matts, whom they worship, and Lena, with a fine understanding of his character and his vision, helps him with his wheat, and keeps her possessive feelings well in hand. It is for Matt's own sake that she nips in the bud his reciprocated love for her daughter. The epileptic boy, having seen Matts shoot a marauding rabbit, shoots him in turn, inflicting an apparently superficial wound. But Matts must die, according to his author's plan, for his wheat is rust resistant, his experiment all but done, and the agriculturalists are almost ready to crown his labors with their assistance. So blood poisoning sets into the wound. On the last page of the book Lena refuses the State's money. Enough that future farmers shall bless Matts Swenson's name.

Now this ought to be a moving story. To find out why it is not we must try to see what the author meant to do. Is the book intended to give an American version of the Scandinavian nature myth which records the travail of the farmer-god, his death at the hands of those whom he befriends, and the fertilization of the soil by that blood sacrifice? If

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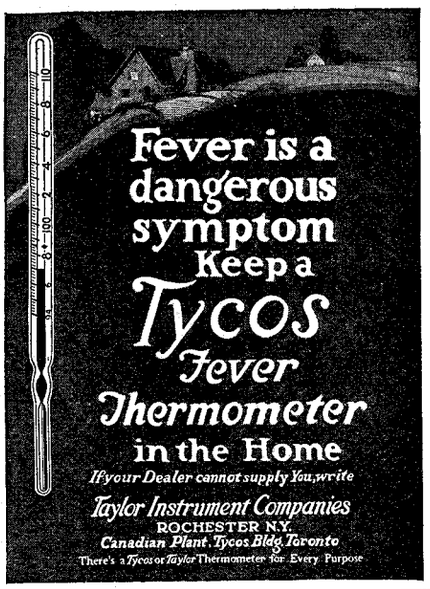

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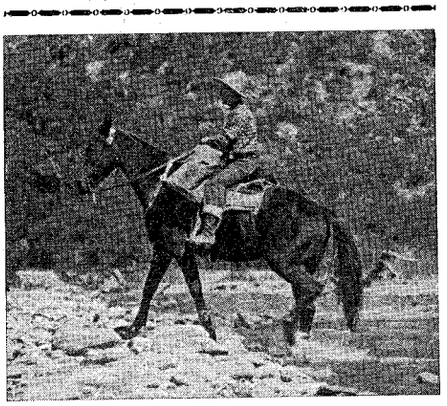

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so, it fails. The use of the epileptic boy as the instrument of fate is an error in symbolism which defeats such a purpose, injecting as it does into Matts's life an unfitting element of futility. Nor is it the proud earth which he has sought to subdue to his own ends which destroys him. Does the author intend Lena as her protagonist and endeavor to give to her denial to Matts of the fulfillment of young love the dignity of an attempt to frustrate nature's plan? Obviously not. The young-love episode is too incidentally handled, and Lena lacks the heroic quality of those who defy nature and fall under her revenge. Or is Matts intended to personify the maternal man, the compassionate lover of all weak things, nature's wise and patient handmaid? Probably; and as simply an exposition of such a character the book succeeds. Such a man Matts is. But any one of these themes is too big for Cornelia Cannon to manage yet. It may be that in time she can develop an expression adequate to her material. Her present book should illustrate to those readers who disparage style without understanding its function that a writer enthralled by a great story but lacking the gift to tell it is like a man who has a flowing well on his land but no pipes to lead the water to house and farmyard and dry fields.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

European Liberalism

By L. J. P.

"The History of European Liberalism," by Guido de Ruggiero, translated by R. G. Collingwood. The Oxford University Press, American Branch, New York.

Professor Ruggiero first traces briefly the various institutions and forces and ideas by which the feudal conception of private rights was developed into the self-conscious and creative liberalism of the last years of the eighteenth century. He then takes us into the field to follow under his guidance the tortuous courses taken by this matured Liberalism through the nineteenth century in England, France, Germany, and Italy. Afterwards he brings us back into his study to analyze Liberalism, its present perils and future prospects. And as we take our leave he ventures his own modest but courageous opinion of the future of Liberalism and the Liberal state.

The interest even of the layman will be held by the author's lucid simplicity of style and his aptness for pithy statement. Author and translator both deserve the reader's gratitude, and the result of their combined efforts should be highly recommended, if not prescribed, as a model to most of our philosophical historians. The tone, however, is throughout the book that of seasoned and restrained scholarship enlivened by a power of constructive analysis. Let no one think, because of the author's nationality, that here is merely one more broadside against Fascism. It may well be—indeed it could hardly be otherwise—that the events of the past few years caused Professor Ruggiero to turn from a contemplation of the unhappy plight of his beloved Liberalism in Italy to a sincere and anxious inquiry into its nature, growth, history, and prospects in other countries as well as his own. Yet in that inquiry the scholar has triumphed over the patriot. Only in three places does a marked quickening of the literary pulse remind us of the author's nationality: in the concluding paragraphs of the history of Italian Liberalism (page 342), in the last paragraph of the effect of the conflict between class and party (page 386), and in the final paragraphs of the conclusions (page 442).

Just what is Liberalism? That is perhaps the first question that many will ask, and it is not easy to answer. Professor Ruggiero's book is a comprehensive answer, being a continuous definition and analysis as well as a history. Probing for the kernel of the thing, it is perhaps permissible to define Liberalism roughly as that attitude toward organized society which recognizes that man is not born free, but becomes free through increasing self-realization and self-discipline, and which consequently favors the exercise by organized society of only such power and control as will assist the individual in that process without either too much forcing or too much neglect.

An illuminating contrast is brought out between the two chief types of Liberalism: the English type, which began with and clings to liberties in the plural and fears the abstract conception of liberty in the singular; and the French type, which with the Revolution destroyed the traditional liberties in the name of "liberty" and then had to reconstruct particular liberties "in the face of a predominant democracy"—a task as difficult as "digging a trench in the presence of the enemy." But perhaps the clearest idea of practical Liberalism is to be gained from the chapters describing its present perils and contrasting it with such wholly antagonistic conceptions as Socialism and Imperialism. It is here that Liberalism finds its present crisis. The crisis is economic in that there has occurred a gradual "erosion" of the middle class (always the strong hold of Liberalism) by heavy industry and high finance. The crisis is political in that the disappearance of the middle class has left the political field to the skirmishings of factions of the prole-

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tariat and of the *bourgeois* aristocracy, with the result that more and more the legal and administrative functions of the state (particularly among Latin peoples) become the object of contention of the various factions, each faction seeking to use them as a weapon in the struggle for its own economic advancement. Hence subordination of the play of truly political forces to the economic struggle and the farce of government by coalition—that is, by deals among many factions, no one of which has a constructive political policy or could secure sufficient control to put it into effect.

Yet notwithstanding the gloomy present, Professor Ruggiero looks hopefully to the future in the belief that economic currents are in process of producing a new middle class (the "particularized" industries as distinguished from the broadly organized "heavy" industries), and that the creative and constructive force of Liberalism will turn in upon itself and its own institutions and put its house in order to meet the perils that loom before it.

London Time

By P. W. WILSON

"By the Clock of St. James's," by Percy Armytage, C.V.O. E. P. Dutton & Co.

On every stage there is one man at any rate to whom, if to no one else, the play must be the thing. As the scenes-shifter of the British Court, Mr. Armytage has had to take himself seriously. At weddings and funerals, at jubilees and coronations, it has been his duty to see that everything and every one is in the right place at the right time. In these vivacious pages he tells us how he managed so ticklish a galaxy of illustrious puppets.

Suppose that pageantry be no more than a picture of power. Even so, the picture should be perfect. Nor is it enough that grandeur be gorgeous. It must be precise. In Westminster Abbey, thronged with notables, King Edward, with the Crown on his head, did not fail to notice that a judge had appeared without his collar of the Bath, and he inquired about it. He wanted to know the reason.

The palette from which the picture must be painted is precedence. As Mr. Armytage puts it, "There can be no above if there is no below." At a presentation none but an earl's daughter or woman of higher rank might receive the kiss, and a bygone Princess Amelia was only prevented from saluting the wife of a knight by a gentleman usher shouting in her deaf ear, "Don't kiss her, your Royal Highness, she is not a real lady."

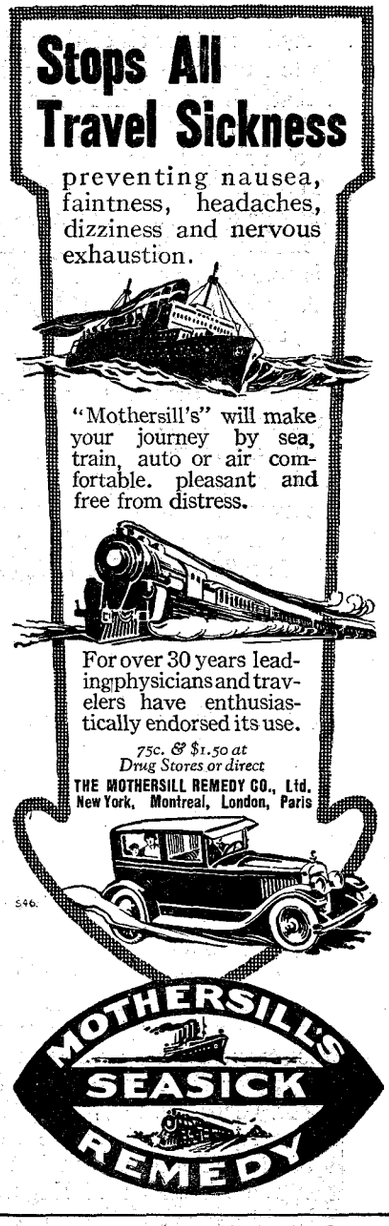
For the coronation of King George the leading royalties of Europe had to be packed into two special trains and unpacked at Victoria Station in their correct order. Mr. Armytage fixed labels on their respective compartments and chalked their names on the platform of arrival. Each suite on alighting was thus greeted by the footmen assigned to it, and all would have driven away without a hitch if one minor potentate had not held up every one else by insisting that his wig-case be taken with him. Although there were complete arrangements for all the luggage to be delivered in time for dinner dress, he dared not take a chance on his bald pate.

Into the mêlée there were plunged the Eastern princes. The Maharajah of Jaipur alone brought 200 servants, and, on religious grounds, he insisted on having a white cow, shorthorn, and also water that never touched a metal pipe. Happily, Campden Hill furnished a residence with a paddock and a well.

The Shah of Persia rode a white horse with a pink tail and at the Albert Hall preferred the tuning of the orchestra to the concert that followed. Three hundred trays of tea were served to his suite before ten o'clock, with pickles and Gruyère cheese accompanying; and at lunch Nasser-ed-Din specialized on cherries, dropping the stones on the carpet. When, however, he saw that other of the King's guests put the stones on their plates, he groped on the floor in order to pick up his discarded kernels. With much presence of mind, a footman in red stooped lower than was his custom, rescued the stones, and handed them back to the Shah, one by one, on a salver.

At Court there is thus a perpetual conflict between the human and the correct. So excellent was the Madeira at Osborne that officers of the Guards sent a petition to Queen Victoria that they be received in audience before dinner instead of afterwards. At the Balkan Conferences before the war eminent diplomatists—"no honester than other folk!"—walked off with the blotting-books, the ash-trays, the sealing wax, and the candle ends as souvenirs. When St. James's Palace was furnished for President Loubet, King Edward saw that the bookcases were still empty. He was told that they were to be filled with French books. "The French literature," was his loud whisper, "not too loose—if you please," at which there was discreet laughter. Queen Victoria herself had her ways.

Vanity of vanities—yes! But Mr. Armytage insists that it is more than vanity. Within this atmosphere of susceptibility and detail there rises a throne.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I Could Write, if Only—

(Continued from page 463)

cowboy ballads that were once a thoroughly despised and overlooked portion of our literature; and out of the plantation songs of Negro slaves that have since come to be regarded as some of our most precious National treasures. With the publication of Carl Sandburg's "American Songbag" we have just come to realize that we possess a racy store of the National folk-songs that underlie a National literature. For naïveté is quite as close to the springs of art as the now somewhat overestimated sophistication. Even the Ford car, that mechanical symbol of democracy, has lately risen in the æsthetic scale; and I see no reason for the pessimistic certainty that the confession, although the lowest form of literature in the Republic, may not also rise. It is more difficult for me to believe that any good thing can come out of the courses.

I cannot believe in the magic efficacy

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of any of our master-keys. But this much may be said for all of them, from the trip to Europe to the use of yellow paper: that, while a finished literary art is not likely to be revealed by a single flourish of a single key, there is one important door which, through eager fumbling, may be opened. It is the door to consciousness. When that mysterious region is entered, we can do without our keys. A nation of doers can only learn by doing, and that may be some part of the thing which these people are about.

Of all of them, the club woman seems to me again the most revealing. I think of her as even more stridently characteristic of our mass attempts at culture than the manicurist who writes her confessions in a sprawling hand, or the newly made millionaire who, trying out his master-key, buys an ancient castle complete to the ivy on the walls, brings it home, and planks it down in Nebraska. "I have been taking a course at the university," cried one of these, "and I've learned all about how to write short stories! The only trouble is that I can't seem to think of anything to write."

A Grand Old Man

(*Continued from page 476*)

the affairs of the Sudan will ever be reversed. That verdict has been distinctly unfavorable. *"Les fautes de l'homme puissant,"* said an eminent Frenchman, *"sont des malheurs publics."* Mr. Gladstone's error in judgment in delaying too long the despatch of the Nile expedition left a stain on the reputation of England which it will be beyond the power of either the impartial historian or the partial apologist to efface.

None of the political critics of Gladstone was half as severe as Queen Victoria, the third volume[1] of whose remarkable letters has just been published. Apparently Queen Victoria was as terrified by the specter of Democracy as we are by the specter of Bolshevism, and regarded Mr. Gladstone with as much abhorrence as if she were an American capitalist and Mr. Gladstone were Trotsky or Lenine. For example, in September, 1879, she wrote to a friend as follows, the mid-Victorian capitals and italics being her own:

> In the same way I never could take Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Lowe as my Minister again, for I never COULD have the slightest *particle* of confidence in Mr. Gladstone *after* his violent, mischievous, and dangerous conduct for the last three years, nor could I take the *latter* after the very offensive language he used three years ago against *me*.

In 1882 she wrote to Lord Granville:

> Mr. Gladstone unfortunately lives *still* (even after his nephew and dear friend has been murdered) under the delusion that these dreadful Home Rulers and rebels are to be trusted, *and are well* disposed—even praising Mr. Sexton!! and she *fears*, backed as he will be by his *evil genius* Mr. Chamberlain, that he may retract, and yield and change and weaken the Bill. The Queen cannot *too strongly warn* against this contingency, which *she* expects the rest of the Cabinet to *resist*, as it *is* their *bounden duty* to do. The Queen regrets, however, to say she finds (unlike almost *any* other Government) no readiness, especially not in Mr. Gladstone, to *listen* to her views and *warnings*, which so often have proved (when it *is too late*) to be right. The want of cordiality and readiness to act with us on the part of the great Powers is the result of the want of confidence which they have in us—and in Mr. Gladstone.

And as late as 1885 a detestation of Mr. Gladstone was expressed to Mr. Goschen:

> You must keep Lord Hartington up to the mark and *not* let him slide back (as so often before) into following Mr. Gladstone and trying to keep the party together. At this time, you know, the very *reverse is required*. We want *all moderate men*, all true patriots to support the Throne and Empire *irrespective* of party. I am especially anxious about this, as we hear that Mr. Gladstone (in his 77th year) is *bent* upon forcing himself into office. Such a wanton act should meet with NO support from those who like yourself—and I hope I may add Lord Hartington and many more—have *the* true interests of the Empire at heart; for I am sure that Mr. Gladstone has *persuaded* himself again, that he has some mission to do great things for Ireland, as he certainly was very full, when he took leave of me, of some enormous scheme for Central Local Government in Dublin which I *know* many of his former colleagues said *meant Home Rule*, though he might deny it.

It would not be difficult for a psychoanalyst to explain Queen Victoria's antipathy to Gladstone. They both believed, either consciously or subconsciously, that they were vicegerents of God. They were both inclined to be severe and uncompromising in maintaining and asserting their moral principles. They therefore, as so often happens in human intercourse, repelled each other. Disraeli, on the other hand, had not only paid compliments to Victoria, but was her complement. He supplied that yearning for gayety and glory which was repressed in her by her evangelical principles or, what we should call in this country, her New England conscience.

Mr. Gladstone's bitterest political opponents did not belittle his intellectual power, his parliamentary skill, or the influence of his magnificent person and countenance. The brilliant but erratic Lord Randolph Churchill once said to Prince Bismarck when they were discussing some questions of political give and take: "The English people would cheerfully give you Mr. Gladstone for nothing, but you would find it an expensive present." Yet on another occasion he remarked to a friend that when with Gladstone he felt as if he were "in the presence of a superior being; I could argue, but before the man himself I bent."

Lord George Hamilton, a loyal adherent of Disraeli and Salisbury and an opponent of Home Rule, describes Gladstone's masterfulness as a parliamentarian in one of the great Home Rule contests of the eighties:

> Gladstone faced the serious position so largely created by his own thoughtless words and acts with commendable courage, dignity, and resource. All the finer qualities of his complex personality asserted themselves in the terrific Parliamentary contest of the ensuing ten months, and at the end of the session he emerged a temporary victor over a rare combination of disorderly and dangerous influences. His patience, endurance, and the quickness and audacity with which he seized upon every mistake made by his adversaries were a real lesson in Parliamentary tactics, and the constant exhibition of these great powers made one deplore that prescience and sound judgment were not, to an equal extent, a permanent part of his political outfit.

It is as an unsurpassed parliamentary leader, a leader in representative government, in which no one ever accused him of dishonor or corruption, that Gladstone has his greatest claim to enduring fame. He entered his legislative career at twenty-two and ended it at eighty-five, when he laid down the office of Prime Minister, to which he had been chosen four times. Thus for more than sixty years he was a tireless lawmaker and administrator—a longer period of continuous service in the public interest than has ever fallen to the lot of any one man in the history of representative government. He is certainly, for this length of patriotic service alone, entitled to the appellation of "the Grand Old Man," a tribute of admiration conferred upon him by friends and foes alike among his contemporaries.

[1] The Letters of Queen Victoria. Second Series, 3rd Volume. Edited by George Earle Buckle. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

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PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

For other Classified Advertisements see the next page

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THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED SECTION

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—Instruction

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work, quick advancement. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite AS-5842, Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED

GIRLS' seashore camp wants college girl *councilor able to bring 3 to 6 campers.* Grade A proposition. Write 4,486, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged woman as companion and working housekeeper for young woman alone. No heavy work. Small town, sixty miles from New York. Comfortable, permanent home, but not large salary. References required. 8,330, Outlook.

PHYSICIAN near New York requires resident secretary, not over thirty. State qualifications and salary sought. Box 17, Harmon-on-Hudson, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

TEACHER-governess for two boys, school age, to go away to summer resort in mountains for summer. Must have experience and patience. Fond of sports. Please state experience. Give particulars. 8,333, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COMPANION, family assistant, middle-aged lady; direct children's studies, music, languages. Indorsements. 8,324, Outlook.

COMPANION, horse manager, mother's assistant. College woman, capable, experienced. 8,325, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, 30, German-American, unencumbered, sunny disposition, with couple or gentleman as nurse-companion, also supervising servants. Excellent traveler. *Highest credentials from New York's distinguished doctors.* 8,318, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER desires position. 8,328, Outlook.

KINDERGARTNER desires position as governess. Experienced. 8,327, Outlook.

LADY, Christian, refined, middle-aged, capable of household management and supervision of all branches in private home and servants, companion or camp hostess. Church or business references the best. 8,317, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

LADY, refined, desires position as companion. Travel or residence. 8,325, Outlook.

NEW England woman, supervising housekeeper; takes great interest in her duties; thoroughly competent. Excellent references. 8,337, Outlook.

STUDENT in college, male, Protestant, age 20, desires tutor position for summer. References exchanged. 8,332, Outlook.

STUDENT, male, Protestant, junior in college, age 26, desires companion or tutor position for summer. Good references. 8,321, Outlook.

SUMMER position as companion, governess, secretary, desired by university graduate, experienced teacher and traveler. Speaks French, Spanish. 8,336, Outlook.

TEACHER with traveling experience desires position as traveling companion during summer months. 8,323, Outlook.

TUTOR now free; highest recommendation; English, Latin, French, mathematics, etc., for preparatory school or college entrance. Could take pupil in own attractive home within easy reach of New York. 8,316, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY man desires secretarial position to party traveling during summer months. Experienced. References. 8,331, Outlook.

WOMAN, educated, experienced, as governess, companion, assistant. 8,326, Outlook.

YOUNG man, college graduate, good literary background, knowledge of foreign languages, desires *position as traveling companion* during the summer. References exchanged. 8,310, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires to accompany party on European trip as companion or secretary. References exchanged. 8,322, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

CLUB papers carefully planned or prepared. Club programs planned. Rates reasonable. Librarian, 8,329, Outlook.

THE BABIES' HOTEL, Scarsdale, N. Y., will have vacancy April 15 for two children in play group, age 2 to 5. Professional child's nurse and college graduate in charge. Ideal place to leave child during trip, illness, or more permanently. $25 a week or special monthly rate. For information Chelsea 5819 from 9 to 12.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

The Land That Paid No Taxes

(*Continued from page 460*)

destined to revolutionize the governmental finances of the world. Before the joint session of both houses of Congress he outlined his plan.

"'Gentlemen,' he said, 'a year from today we will be able to burn the last bond. The United States of America will be free from all debt. Our annual budget this past year called for an expenditure of ten billion dollars—eight of which went for expenses and two towards the retirement of our debt. It is my proposal that we continue to levy taxes of ten billion a year and devote two billions to the purchase of securities in the name of the Government. If we pursue this plan for twenty-five years, and if we invest our money wisely, we will at the end of twenty-five years have fifty billions of assets plus the interest and increment on this sum due to the growth of the country. Gentlemen, I prophesy that if this plan is carried to its conclusion the country will have an income at the end of the next quarter of a century of not less than eight billion dollars a year. The Government will have become the business partner of the people.'

"Within the next year the legal difficulties were solved and the plan put into effect. The plan, as it was worked out, limited the Government to the ownership of not more than thirty per cent of the common stocks of any one corporation. This limitation kept the Government out of the management of the private industries of the country, while at the same time it stimulated its activity in helping all business towards prosperity. Casaba, Jr.'s plan involved payments to the officials of the Treasury Department of salaries large enough to attract the leading financiers of the country to its service. As a result, to be brief, at the end of twenty-five years the Government had a revenue of ten billions a year. All Federal taxes were abolished and industry freed from the burden of these taxes. Although the Government now spends thirty-five billion a year, a large balance is invariably accumulated over current expenditures, which is turned over to the States to relieve the burden of local taxation by the creation of endowment funds for the States under Federal supervision. Our laws now require all new corporations to present five per cent of their common stock to the Government when they are organized, and in another fifty years we believe there will be no taxes of any kind within the boundaries of the United States. This seems a long time to you to look ahead, but, as the average life expectation of man is now well over one hundred years, we have been able to take a longer view of things than mankind and womankind did in your day.

He drew breath, and I ventured a few questions.

"Have other nations adopted the plan?"

"In some degrees," he answered. "The United States of Europe is about fifty per cent endowed; Africa and South America are about thirty per cent endowed, Canada and Australia about eighty per cent, China about ten per cent."

"Do these Governments make foreign investments?"

"Certainly, whenever it seems advisable. The government ownership of foreign securities has been perhaps the deciding factor in what really appears to be the final abolishment of war. Why attack countries where funds, not only of private citizens, but of your own government are invested? There have been no terrestrial wars, by the way, since the time of War with the Moon. Interplanetary communication is now so complete that we look for no further difficulties in the nature of celestial wars."

"And so you have reached a goal of real government ownership without the destruction of private interest and"—

"That's the way it looks to us," he said, drawing a deep breath of satisfaction.

My head buzzed confusingly. "To think," I said slowly, as the green pants of my professor friend began to grow dim and the black grill began to change to an open fire and the cold lamp to a hot electric bulb—"and to think," I said again, "I've got to go back a whole thousand years and pay money out on a tax blank which, if I could stay here, you would even pay me good hard cash for. Quick, how much will you offer for it? $1,000? $2,000? $3,000? Going once to the gentleman in the green pajamas, going twice—and gone!"

But so had the gay-colored room and the green-clad professor and the thirtieth century. I was back in my study with my Federal Tax still unpaid.

Now, if that isn't a dream, you tell one.

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